

"THE OMEN"

An Original Screenplay

by

David Seltzer

PRODUCER: HARVEY BERNHARD

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: MACE NEUFELD

DIRECTOR: RICHARD DONNER

REVISED
September 8, 1975

"THE OMEN"

FADE IN

EXT. THE NIGHT SKY

1

Silent. Peaceful. The constellations SEEN clearly, quilted against blue, interwoven with the Milky Way.

From the infinite depths of the Universe, imperceptibly at first, we begin to HEAR a SOUND. It is a CHANT. Unison and resounding. Distant -- slowly growing in volume -- a thousand human voices repeating the "OHM" until it fills the atmosphere, and we begin to SENSE MOVEMENT in the STARS.

SUPER: IN WHITE, BIBLICAL SCRIPTURE:

"Let He who hath understanding
Reckon the number of the Beast;
For it is a human number;
Its number is Six Hundred and Sixty-Six"

SUPER FADES: And the chant begins to rise in volume, the constellations begin to shudder, as a new STAR slowly forms in their midst.

SUPER: IN WHITE, BIBLICAL SCRIPTURE:

-- CHAPTER TWELVE
VERSE TWENTY-EIGHT --

SUPER FADES: As the chant increases in volume, and the star takes sudden shape; fire at its center, a halo of black surrounded by white.

SUPER: OPENING TITLE:

REVELATIONS

As MUSIC THUNDERS to a CRESCENDO: the STAR BURNING WITH GREAT INTENSITY...

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. ROME - NIGHT

A-1

A limousine drives through city. (8 shot montage).

OUT 2

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND RUINS - NIGHT

A-2

The empty set reverberates to the growing sound of OHM.

INT. BUGENHAGEN WORKROOM - NIGHT

3

An elderly man weeping, clutching two crosses to his chest as he silently cries.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SKY

4

as the chant still rises in intensity; the celestial ember glowing brighter into a white heat; light-spikes reaching out in all directions.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - ROME - NIGHT

5

CLOSE ANGLE on the pain-racked face of a woman in labor: gasping, perspiration dripping into her eyes, her mouth stretching open into a cry of pain.

CUT TO:

BIG CLOSEUP - BIRTH OF BABY (STOCK SHOT)

A-5

EXT. HOSPITAL - ROME - NIGHT

6

A distinctive statue is outside the entrance. A limousine pulling up fast; a man bounding from it toward the hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - ROME - CLOSE ON ROBERT THORN - NIGHT

7

moving fast through the empty, echoing, green-tiled atmosphere. He is American, forty-two years old, impeccably dressed and graying at the temples -- looking every inch what he should: a man destined for political greatness.

THORN'S P.O.V.

8

A double door with wire-mesh portholes BEARING DOWN ON US; SWINGING OPEN.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA - SAME

9

as THORN ENTERS; his echoing footsteps suddenly halting as he is confronted by a PRIEST.

THORN

(hushed)

I was abroad. I came as soon as I could.

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST, FATHER SPILETTO

10

An enormous man, hooded in the way of Benedictine monks -- his eyes filled with despair.

THORN

(apprehensive)

Is...the child born?

SPILETTO

Yes.

THORN

(hesitant)

...My wife?

SPILETTO

She is resting.

ANGLE ON THORN

11

studying the Priest's face.

Cont.

THORN
(fearful)
...Something's wrong...

SPILETTO
The child is dead.

ANGLE ON THORN

12

taking it like a body blow; stunned for a moment, then sagging against the wall.

SPILETTO
It breathed but a moment...then
breathed no more.

In the far distance we again begin to HEAR THE "OHM": resonant, as though vibrating through the long hospital corridors. The chant continuing as we:

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

13

An anteroom: green-tiled and empty, save for a hard-backed chair: Thorn seated, grief-stricken; his head in his hands. Spiletto stands near -- feeling Thorn's grief.

THORN
(almost to himself)
...It'll kill her...my God...
she wanted it so much.

SPILETTO
You could adopt...

THORN
She wanted her own. She needed
her own.

CLOSE ON THORN

A-13

as he lifts his eyes; gazing helplessly at the Priest.

THORN
(anguished)
There were two...twice...she
miscarried. She wanted more than
anything...to bear her own child.

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

14

feeling his pain.

THORN

(to Spiletto --
hesitating)

Emotionally she...I'm afraid of
what this will do to her.

SPILETTO

You love her very much.

THORN

(choking on it)

...Yes.

SPILETTO

Then you must accept God's plan.

ANGLE ON THORN

A-14

his eyes searching.

THORN

(not hearing --
almost to himself)

What can I tell her? What can
I say?

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

15

unanswering -- as the door opens, a NUN entering, whispering
quietly to him.

ANGLE ON THORN

16

watching them as their conversation ceases: both turning
toward him; looking into his eyes. The SOUND of the "OHM"
jumps sharply in volume, and we:

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER

17

Thorn and the Priest standing by a glass partition, gazing
down at an infant. The SOUND of the "OHM" becoming still
more intense in our ears.

ANGLE ON THE INFANT

18

Beautiful in every way; thick black hair and eyebrows
accentuating the deep blue of its eyes.

ANGLE ON THORN

19

somewhat stunned; studying the child in every detail.

SPILETTTO

...If I may suggest...it even
resembles...

CLOSE ANGLE ON THORN

A-19

as he observes the child -- searches him -- but says
nothing.

SPILETTTO

The Signora need never know.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THORN

20

studying the child.

SPILETTTO

I am in full authority here...
There will be no records...no one
could know...He's quite beautiful
and...I knew the family well --
healthy in every way.

ANGLE ON THE INFANT

A-20

seeming to turn its eyes to Thorn.

THORN

...Are there relatives?

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

21

watching him carefully.

SPILETTTO

None. The mother died, Signor...
as your own child...in the same
hour...

ANGLE ON THE INFANT

22

its arms stretching spasmodically toward Thorn.

OUT

23

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

A-23

watching, as Thorn turns to him, his eyes filled with
distress.

Cont.

A-23 Cont.

THORN
(with difficulty)
...could I...see my child...?

SPILETTTO
(with compassion)
...What's to be gained, Signor?
Give your love to the living.

ANGLE ON THORN

B-23

absorbing it...turning his eyes again to the child.

SPILETTTO
For the sake of your wife, Signor...
God will forgive this deception...

CLOSE ON THORN

B-23-A

eyes riveted to the child.

SPILETTTO
...and for the sake of this child...
who will otherwise have...no home --
no love.

Thorn turns to the Priest. Their eyes meet -- But there is
not commitment from Thorn -- a man searching his soul.

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

C-23

SPILETTTO
On this night, Mr. Thorn, God has
given you a son.

OUT D-23-
24

EXT. THE HEAVENS

25

as celestial lightning cuts the sky.

OUT 26

CUT TO:

INT. MATERNITY WING - KATHERINE'S ROOM - NIGHT A-26

CLOSE ON THORN entering; his face gripped with emotion --
ANGLE WIDENS to REVEAL, in his arms, the child.

ANGLE ON KATHERINE

B-26

a beautiful woman of thirty-five; her eyes groggily opening -- smiling exhaustedly, as she gazes at the child.

THORN

(after a long
pause)

Our son, Katherine.

KATHERINE

(a slow smile)

...He looks like you...

And her eyes close...

OUT 27

UNDERGROUND RUINS - NIGHT

A-27

"OHMS" reach maximum volume.

OUT 28

TITLE SEQUENCE - OPENING TITLES

A-28

playing over a sequence of still photographs of the child (DAMIEN), KATHERINE and Thorn in ROME -- covering a period through Damien's first birthday (to be shot INT. AND EXT. LONDON).

INT. THORN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - ROME - NIGHT

B-28

Katherine playing with Damien (ONE YEAR OLD) on the bed -- while Thorn dresses, rehearsing a speech in the mirror.

THORN

...and as a delegate to the World
Economy Conference, can speak with
some degree of authority.

(reconsidering)

Some degree of conviction.

KATHERINE

I like authority.

THORN

I like conviction.

KATHERINE

(crossing to him)

How 'bout the red tie?

Cont.

THORN

I like the gray.

KATHERINE

(a beat)

Now, that's authority.

THORN

That's conviction.

She kisses him; he chuckling, returning to his speech.

THORN

(to the mirror)

...What we have to realize is that
the Common Market is a reason to
cooperate. It's the new symbol of
World Peace.

ANGLE ON KATHY

C-28

gazing proudly at him.

OUT D-28

ANGLE ON DAMIEN

E-28

chewing on his tie.

OUT F-28

CUT TO:

CONTINUING SERIES OF STILLs - THORN, KATHY AND DAMIEN - ROME G-28

Through the child's second year. (INT. AND EXT. to be done in LONDON).

EXT. THORN RESIDENCE - ROME - DAY

H-28

as Thorn's chauffeured limousine arrives. Thorn exiting, to home.

OUT 29-
A-29

INT. THORN APARTMENT - ROME - DAY

B-29

as the door is suddenly opened by MANSERVANT, revealing Thorn: suppressing a smile; trying to contain a secret.

ANGLE ON KATHY

C-29

holding 2-year-old Damien; puzzled.

KATHY

What are you doing home?

THORN

Just came to start packing.

KATHY

(stopped)

...What?

THORN

Can't waste any time, I'm expected in the morning.

KATHY

What are you talking about? What's going on?

THORN

I'm talking about London. I'm talking about the Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

KATHY

(totally mystified)

Well, what about him?

THORN
You're married to him.

KATHY
(dumbfounded)
I'm what?

THORN
(bursting)
He's me! The Ambassador is me!
I've been appointed Ambassador to
Great Britain!

ANGLE ON KATHY

D-29

utterly stunned, then hooting with joy: both beginning
to laugh, not knowing what else to do. Damien starts to
cry.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON - ANGLE ON A HUGE VICTORIAN MANSION E-29
- DAY

Stone, gloomy -- CAMERA PANS toward a limousine pulling up;
stopping in front.

ANGLE ON THE THORNS WITHIN

F-29

both sticking their heads out the window to gaze up at it. After a moment, their eyes turn to each other's; Kathy shaking her head, he agreeing.

ANGLE ON THE LIMOUSINE

G-29

driving off.

OUT 30-

B-30

EXT. ANOTHER MANSION - PYRFORD COURT - DAY

C-30

Limousine arrives.

INT. SAME MANSION - DAY

D-30

Totally empty of furnishings; as a door is HEARD OPENING -- CAMERA PANNING to the source. Kathy enters, Thorn behind her -- she turning to him, her eyes bright and hopeful.

KATHY

(uncertain)

...I told them yes. I loved it the minute I saw it.

ANGLE ON THORN

E-30

leaning against a wall -- gazing into the palatial, sun-bright living room.

THORN

...It's a bit much, isn't it?

ANGLE ON KATHY

F-30

indignant.

KATHY

For the next President of the United States? I should say not.

ANGLE ON THORN

G-30

grinning at her, holding out his hand. Ignoring it, she moves into his arms, looking deep into his eyes.

ANGLE ON THORN

H-30

sharing her delight. With his foot, he closes the door; she reaching over his shoulder to lock it.

KATHY

...Something in mind, Mr. Ambassador?

THORN

Maybe we should see the upstairs...?

KATHY

There's no furniture up there either.

Cont.

H-30 Cont.

He laughs, low; she too -- and they embrace -- CAMERA
PANNING to a window -- FOCUSING on Damien, playing beside
the car, with a young NANNY.

OUT 31-
C-31

CUT TO:

PHOTOS

D-31

of the Thorn family (and the young Nanny) at play;
picnicking, frolicking -- enjoying a life as good as it
could possibly be. Damien is now three years old. We
are now in London.

OUT 32-
C-32

CUT TO:

EXT. THAMES RIVER - DAY

D-32

Thorn and Katherine lounging in the grass beside a picnic
basket -- Thorn's convertible, top down, in evidence --
the mood quiet, peaceful.

KATHERINE

(quiet)

...I'll miss you...

THORN

...Won't be for long...don't
have that much to talk about.

KATHERINE

Since when don't two old college
roommates have much to talk about?

THORN

Since one became the President,
and the other became his Ambassador.

KATHERINE

...Seriously?

THORN

Well you can't exactly sit around
discussing old girl friends.

ANGLE ON KATHERINE

D-32-A

throwing him a look of doubt.

THORN
(a slow smile)
Not publicly, anyway.

She laughs; he lying back.

KATHERINE
(coming close)
Has he forgotten he owes you
ten bucks for two tickets to
the Varsity game?

THORN
(amused)
How do you think I got this
appointment?

KATHERINE
Tell him you want the cash.

ANGLE ON THORN

E-32

chuckling -- falling to silence as he muses.

THORN
Long time ago...

He turns: his eyes idly scanning the landscape.

THORN
Where's Damien?

ANGLE ON KATHERINE

F-32

gazing around: jolted.

KATHERINE
He was right there.

THORN
Right where?

Cont.

F-32 Cont.

KATHY

Right here. Just a second ago.

ANGLE ON BOTH

G-32

jumping to their feet; gazing around.

ANGLE FROM THEIR P.O.V.

H-32

The river.

THORN

Damien?!

KATHY

Damien!

ANGLE ON BOTH

I-32

alarmed; Thorn turning, beginning to run toward the riverbank.

KATHY

Damien?!

ANGLE ON THORN

J-32

reaching the river.

THORN

(anguished)

Damien!

And from beside him comes a NOISE; he quickly turns and loses his balance; arms waving in the air as he slips backward -- Damien, now three years, toddling out from behind a bush to watch him as he falls backwards, waist-deep into the marsh.

ANGLE ON DAMIEN AND THORN

K-32

staring at each other: Damien beginning to laugh.

ANGLE ON KATHY

L-32

gazing at the scene from afar; she too beginning to laugh.

ANGLE ON THORN

M-32

suddenly howling with laughter -- all three of them gripped by the utter absurdity of the moment.

OUT

33-

L-33

MORE STILLS - KATHY, ROBERT, DAMIEN (3 YEARS) - M-33
LONDON PROPER

OUT

34-

L-34

EXT. GARAGE AREA - ANGLE ON DAMIEN (3 YEARS OLD) M-34

standing beneath a basket, trying to bounce a basketball that's too big for him to hold -- CAMERA PANNING to the garage where a CHAUFFEUR (HORTON) is washing the family limousine; another man (THORN) obscured as he works beneath the hood of a Classic Rolls Royce.

KATHERINE

(o.s.)

...Horton?

OUT 35-
L-35

ANGLE ON KATHERINE

M-35

exiting the house; dressed to the teeth.

HORTON

...Ma'am?

KATHERINE

Have you seen...

Her voice trails off as she stares, dumbfounded -- CAMERA FOLLOWING HER GAZE as Thorn emerges, covered with grease, from the innards of the Rolls.

KATHERINE

Aren't we going?

THORN

Going where?

KATHERINE

(nonplussed)

Buckingham Palace. The reception.

THORN

(stung)

Good Lord. Horton? Get my waistcoat.

KATHERINE

You're covered with grease!

THORN

It's oil.

KATHERINE

(running)

Horton? Get a towel.

And suddenly everyone is moving fast -- running, in all directions:

OUT 36-
L-36

ANGLE ON THORN

M-36

pausing to scoop up Damien, holding him up to the basket so he can execute a drep-shot.

KATHERINE
(calling back)
Robert! For God's sake!

OUT 37-
E-43

EXT. THORN'S HOUSE - DAY (2 YEARS LATER)

F-43

A sumptuous children's birthday party in progress: a veritable carnival complete with pony rides and a baby elephant, tables of food, a fortune teller's booth -- and virtually hundreds of children squealing, running about the lawns.

OUT 44-
E-44

VARIOUS ANGLES

F-44
48

on the activities as TITLES CONTINUE to their conclusion.

ANGLE ON A GROUP OF REPORTERS

49

surrounding a huge birthday cake with five candles on it: the child's Nanny holding him close and encouraging him to blow.

NANNY
(her voice mixing
with Reporters')
Come on, Damien, big breath...
that's my boy...

ANGLE ON ROBERT AND KATHY THORN

50

watching with delight: as the child finally blows, managing to put the candles out.

ANGLES ON PEOPLE

51-
55

applauding -- CAMERA PANNING to a group of PHOTOGRAPHERS snapping away -- one among them watching the proceedings with some detachment. He is JENNINGS. Overweight and somewhat unkempt; catching eye of ONE of his fellow Photographers.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(to Jennings)
Run out of film?

JENNINGS

Just saving a bit for his canonization.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(reloading)

How's that?

JENNINGS

I don't know if we've got just the heir to the Thorn millions here, or Jesus Christ himself.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(working fast)

You're a fool to miss out, Jennings... Not often we'll get into a place like this.

JENNINGS

(taking a hot dog)

What's it worth? All you're getting is the same as everyone else.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(amused)

You want an exclusive, do you?

JENNINGS

You've got to get'm off guard. That's the only way to make a picture worth anything. Follow them around. Snap their faces when they aren't smiling. This is just a Public Display.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(finishing his loading)

You can lurk about dark alleys if you like. I prefer it this way.

(shouting out)

Hey, Nanny! Nanny! Let's have a smile.

He departs; Jennings gazing after him.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(o.s.)

Over here, Nanny! Give us a look!

OUT 56

ANGLE ON NANNY AND DAMIEN

A-56

she loving being in the limelight.

ANGLE ON KATHERINE

A-56-A

watching her.

PHOTOGRAPHER 2

(o.s.)

Put him on the carousel!

A howl of approval goes up: the Nanny and Damien being borne across the lawn toward the carousel.

OUT 57

ANGLE ON KATHERINE

A-57

intercepting them.

NANNY

(brightly)

I'll take him, Mum.

KATHY

I'll take him.

Their eyes meet for an instant -- Kathy smiling, but firm.

NANNY

Certainly, Mum.

OUT 58

ANGLE ON DAMIEN

A-58

being handed over: Kathy moving with him, toward the carousel.

OUT 59

ANGLE ON THE NANNY

A-59

a smile on her face, watching them go. After a moment, she turns toward the house -- but is stopped: her eyes caught by something at the far end of the spacious lawn.

ANGLE FROM HER P.O.V.

A-59-A

revealing, just barely visible beside a tree -- seated motionless as statuary -- a black, German Shepherd dog.

CLOSE ON THE NANNY

A-59-B

surprised; somehow, arrested.

CLOSE ON THE DOG

A-59-C

teeth stark against midnight fur; its closely set eyes fixed firmly ahead.

ANGLE ON THE NANNY

A-59-D

transfixed -- as again, we begin to HEAR the sound of the OHM.

OUT 60

VARIOUS ANGLES - KATHY, DAMIEN, CAROUSEL AND/OR A-60
MINIATURE RAILROAD

having fun and being photographed.

NANNY

(o.s.)

Damien! Damien! Come look at me!

OUT 61-
70

ANGLE OUTSIDE, ON THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE 71

REVEALING the Nanny standing on the edge, holding a rope in her hand; cheerfully stretching it upward to show it is wound around her neck.

NANNY

Damien! Come and see what I'll do for you!

ANGLE ON KATHY 72

with the child in her arms; gazing up with an uncertain smile, not knowing what to make of it.

NANNY

(o.s., shouting)

Look here, Damien, it's all for you!

ANGLE ON THE NANNY 73

jumping easily from the roof, her body plummeting downward, snapped back up by the rope, then hanging limp. Silent. Dead.

ANGLE ON THE CROWD 74

stunned -- CAMERA ZOOMING IN on Kathy as her face contorts into a full-throat scream.

OUT A-74-
80

CUT TO:

EXT. THORN COUNTRY HOME - GATES - DAY A-80

A police car, with driver, is parked by the gate. A taxi with a woman passenger, stops at gate. Police Officer checks occupants -- taxi drives through -- HOLD on Police Officer.

OUT 81

INT. THE THORN HOME - LIBRARY

82

cheerless; Kathy seated in semidarkness gazing into space --
a television NEWS BROADCAST discussing politics, HEARD SOFTLY
in the b.g.

ANGLE ON ROBERT

83

wearing half-glasses as he does some work -- interrupted by
the SOUND of the DOORBELL.

THORN
(putting aside
his glasses)

Kathy?

KATHY

Yes.

THORN

Are we expecting someone.

KATHY

No.

ANGLE ON KATHY

84

as Thorn pauses to gaze at her.

THORN

Maybe it's time we were.

ANGLE ON KATHY

85

tortured.

THORN

You're letting this get the best
of you.

KATHY

It was my fault, Robert.

THORN

(incredulous)
Your fault?

KATHY

There was a moment at the party.

Cont.

She turns to him: meeting his incredulous gaze.

KATHY

(with difficulty)

She was getting a lot of
attention...and I was jealous
of it. I took Damien from her
because I couldn't stand sharing
center stage.

ANGLE ON THORN

86

taken aback.

THORN

I think you're being a little
hard on yourself. The girl was
deranged.

Cont.

KATHY

And so am I, if being in the
limelight means so much to me.

ANGLE ON THORN

87

dismayed; the conversation interrupted by the appearance
of the Housekeeper (Mrs. Horton) in uniform.

HOUSEKEEPER

Excuse me.

THORN

Yes, Mrs. Horton?

HOUSEKEEPER

Mrs. Baylock is here.

ANGLE ON THORN AND KATHY

88

exchanging a glance.

HOUSEKEEPER

She says she's the new governess.

THORN

Well. That's a start. Ask her
to come in.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - SAME

89

as MRS. BAYLOCK enters, an imposing Irish woman, loud and
exuberant, babbling a mile a minute.

MRS. BAYLOCK

I know it's a difficult time for
you, so I'll not impose on your
grief. But between you and me,
anyone who hires such a skinny
young thing for a nanny is just
asking for trouble.

ANGLE ON KATHY

90

not knowing what to make of her -- Robert rather pleased.

MRS. BAYLOCK

You know how to tell a good nanny?
The size of her breasts. These
little girls with pigeon tits, they
come and go in a week.

ANGLE ON KATHY
amused in spite of herself.

MRS. BAYLOCK
But me...the big saggy ones
like me. These are the nannies
that stay.
(to Kathy)
Go look in Hyde Park, you'll see
it's true.

She pauses for a breath: hefting her suitcase.

MRS. BAYLOCK
Well, now. Where's the boy?

KATHY
(pointing upstairs)
This way.

HOUSEKEEPER
I'll show you.

MRS. BAYLOCK
Why don't you leave us alone at
first? Just get acquainted in
our own way.

KATHY
He's shy with new people.

MRS. BAYLOCK
(exuberant)
Not me he won't be, I can
assure you of that.

KATHY
I don't think...

THORN
I think it's fine. Go on
and give it a try.

Mrs. Baylock and Mrs. Horton exit.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

A-91

Mrs. Baylock and Mrs. Horton moving towards stairs.
Mrs. Baylock removes coat and hangs it up.

HOUSEKEEPER
Up the stairs, turn right -- door
facing you at the end of the
hallway.

Mrs. Baylock starts up stairs.

OUT 92

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY

A-92

Thorn turning to Kathy; pleased.

KATHY

I like her.

THORN

Yes.

KATHY

Where did you find her?

THORN

(taken aback)

Where did I find her?

KATHY

...Yes.

THORN

I didn't find her, I assumed
you found her.

They exit.

INT. ENTRY HALL - ANGLE ON KATHY

93

KATHY

(shouting up the
stairs)

Mrs. Baylock!

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS - SAME - ANGLE ON MRS. BAYLOCK

94

about to open the door to the child's room.

MRS. BAYLOCK

(turning)

Yes?

ANGLE ON KATHY

95

ascending the stairs, Thorn behind her; pausing as they
reach the landing.

KATHY

I'm sorry, we're a little
confused.

Cont.

MRS. BAYLOCK
(stiffening)
Why is that?

KATHY
We don't know how you got
here.

MRS. BAYLOCK
By taxi. I sent it away.

KATHY
What I mean is, who 'called' you?

MRS. BAYLOCK
The agency.

KATHY
...The agency?

MRS. BAYLOCK
They saw in the papers you'd lost
your first nanny, so they sent you
another.

ANGLE ON KATHY

96

amazed.

THORN
...very enterprising.

KATHY
I'll call to confirm that.

MRS. BAYLOCK
That'll be fine. Here are my
references.

There passes an uneasy silence: all staring dumbly at each
other.

MRS. BAYLOCK
If you'll excuse me now.

KATHY
(uneasy)
Yes, of course.

Mrs. Baylock reaches for the door...

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHILD'S ROOM - SAME

97

as the boy sits on his bed gazing out the window...slowly turning as he hears the door opening.

ANGLE ON THE NANNY

98

ENTERING; closing the door behind her, and locking it -- turning to gaze at the child. As she does, her expression transforms -- her body stiffening, as though she is gazing upon something of incomparable beauty.

ANGLE ON THE CHILD

99

vaguely frightened.

CLOSE ANGLE ON MRS. BAYLOCK

100

moved.

MRS. BAYLOCK
(fighting to control
her voice)
...Fear not, little one. I'm
here to protect Thee.

CAMERA HOLDS on her face:

CUT TO:

EXT. THORN HOUSE - NIGHT

101

The atmosphere alive with the SOUND of frogs and crickets -- CAMERA SLOWLY PANNING toward a distant hill -- where we can MAKE OUT the silhouette of a large, black dog: immobile in the moonlight; its attention fixed firmly on the house.

OUT 102-
103

CUT TO:

EXT. THE THORN HOUSE - BRIGHT SUN - DAY

104

as a limousine pulls in, stopping in front of the house.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - SAME - ENTRY HALL

105

UP ANGLE on the stairwell as Robert comes jauntily downward; happy, whistling, dressed in formal cutaway.

THORN

(calling)
Kathy? The car's here.

KATHY

(o.s.)
Coming...!

ANGLE INSIDE THE CHILD'S ROOM

106

as Kathy ENTERS: surprised to hear the bath water running.

KATHY

(moving toward
the bathroom)
Mrs. Baylock?

ANGLE INSIDE THE BATHROOM

107

REVEALING the child in the tub, Mrs. Baylock washing him -- as Kathy ENTERS, upset.

KATHY

Mrs. Baylock, I asked you to
have him dressed and ready...

MRS. BAYLOCK

If you don't mind, ma'am, I
think he'd rather go to the
park instead.

KATHY

(nonplussed)
The park? I told you we were
taking him to...

MRS. BAYLOCK

He's too young for church, ma'am.
He'll cause a fuss.

KATHY

Mrs. Baylock, you don't seem to
understand. It is my wish, and
my husband's wish that he accompany
us to church.

THORN

(o.s.)
Kathy?

KATHY

(calling back)
In a minute!

ANGLE ON KATHY

108

gazing harshly at Mrs. Baylock; the child sensing trouble and moving close to the Nanny.

KATHY

Please get him dressed at once.

MRS. BAYLOCK

Excuse me for speakin' my mind,
but do you really expect a five-
year-old to understand the gibberish
of an Episcopal wedding?

ANGLE ON KATHY

109

shocked.

KATHY

(firm)

Mrs. Baylock, have my son dressed
and in the car in five minutes' time.

ANGLE ON MRS. BAYLOCK

110

flinching.

MRS. BAYLOCK

Yes, ma'am.

KATHY

Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE

111

Chauffeur-driven. Robert and Kathy in the back; the child, dressed in his best Sunday attire, between them.

ANGLE ON ALL

112

silent. Robert gazing idly out the window; Kathy still angry as she stares straight ahead; the child somewhat sullen, studying his shoes.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH

113

as the last cars arrive; waistcoated ushers opening doors at the street, people outside, milling and talking.

CUT TO:

INT. THE THORNS' LIMOUSINE

114

as they near the church, pulling in behind the line of
deboarding limousines.

ANGLE ON THE CHILD

115

as he catches sight of his destination -- his eyes slowly
widening as vague fear overtakes him.

ANGLE ON KATHY

116

noticing the boy's apprehension.

KATHY

What's wrong, darling?

The child turns to her; his eyes riveted fearfully into hers.

KATHY

It's a church. That's all.

ANGLE ON THE CHILD

117

gazing into his mother's eyes -- growing more fearful with
each passing moment.

KATHY

(with concern)

Robert...?

ANGLE ON THORN

118

turning, noticing the expression on the child's face.

THORN

What's wrong?

KATHY

I don't know, he's frightened
to death.

THORN

What is it, Damien?

ANGLE ON THE CHILD

119

His lips going dry as his eyes turn again toward the church
looming closer as cars deposit their passengers.

ANGLE FROM HIS P.O.V.

120

UPWARD as the church comes closer; its massive spires seeming
to spear the clouds...as, once more, we HEAR the SOUND of the
"OHMMMMMMMMMM" filling the air.

ANGLE ON THE CHILD

121

beginning to pant, his face going white as he gazes, petrified, from his mother to his father.

KATHY

(reaching for him)

My God...

THORN

Is he ill?

KATHY

(fearful)

He's ice! He's cold as ice!

ANOTHER ANGLE

122

as the door is suddenly opened; an usher reaching inward -- the child panicking, grabbing for his mother's face and hair.

KATHY

...Robert!

THORN

(trying to pull the child away)

Damien! Damien!

But the child begins crying; clawing his mother's face and pulling her hair in his desperation to hold on.

KATHY

(becoming hysterical)

Help! God!

THORN

(pulling futilely on the child)

Damien! Damien! Damien! Let go!

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE CHILD

123

as his mouth flies open, emitting an unearthly scream; his fingers digging deep into his mother's flesh and eye socket, a handful of hair ripping away from her head -- as in self-defense, she begins beating at him; screaming in horror -- a crowd gathering around the car and looking in.

ANGLE ON THORN

124

managing to wrest the child from Kathy, grabbing him in a bear hug and pinning his arms to him as he shouts to the chauffeur.

THORN

Move! Get out of here!

He closes divider.

ANGLE ON THE LIMOUSINE

25

125

as it swings fast away from the curb.

INT. THE LIMOUSINE

126

as the child, now with the church disappearing in the distance, slowly stops struggling, his head falling limply back in utter exhaustion.

ANGLE ON KATHY

127

in a state of shock: her hair pulled and torn, her face raked with bloody fingernail marks; one eye swollen and nearly shut -- the other staring wide and fearfully ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM

128

Kathy and Robert sitting in silence -- classical MUSIC playing softly on a phonograph; Robert's face etched with concern as he watches Kathy methodically bathe her eye with a rag.

THORN

...Sure you don't want to call a doctor?

KATHY

(tensely)

It's just a few scratches.

THORN

(a beat)

I mean for the boy.

KATHY

And what will we tell him?

THORN

Nothing...just...have him examine him.

KATHY

There's nothing wrong with him. He's never been sick a day in his life.

ANGLE ON THORN

129

thinking about it.

THORN

(with interest)

He never has, has he?

Cont.

KATHY
No.

THORN
That's strange, isn't it?

KATHY
Is it?

THORN
I think so. I mean...no measles
or mumps...or chicken pox...not
even a cough or cold.

KATHY
(defensive)
So?

THORN
I just...think it's unusual.

KATHY
He comes from healthy stock.

ANGLE ON THORN
unable to respond.

130

KATHY
That's why I know there's nothing
to worry about. Physically or
otherwise.

CLOSE ON THORN
continuing to gaze at her: his face filled with distress.

131

KATHY
He had a fright, that's all.
Just...a bad moment.

There follows a long silence their faces etched with
concern; a knock coming at the door.

THORN
Yes?

ANGLE ON THE DOOR OPENING
a Young Maid (Gretchen) gazing in.

A-131

GRETCHEN
Just on me way home, Mum. Wanted
to know if there was anything you
wanted.

KATHY
No, Gretchen. Thank you.

With a nod: she exits, closing the door: the room once again falling to silence.

KATHY
(rising)
Well. The best thing to do
with a bad day is to end it.
I'm going to bed.

Thorn nods: she pausing for a moment to see if he's coming, then exiting alone -- leaving him absorbed in thought.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THORN

132

as Kathy's footsteps disappear, leaving nothing but silence -- and his eyes move slowly upward, toward a window in the opposite wing.

Slowly, he rises; eyes still riveted to the window.

CUT TO:

INT. THORN HOUSE - SAME

133

Thorn SEEN in silhouette.

ANOTHER ANGLE

134

Feeling for a light switch, flicking it; it doesn't work.

CLOSE ANGLE - THORN

135

as he touches the wall...moving toward his son's room -- his hands sliding along the wall...his movement slowly stopping as he begins to hear a low, guttural, GROWLING SOUND, in the darkness ahead.

ANGLE ON THORN

136

as his eyes lower toward the ground; widening with fear.

ANGLE FROM HIS P.O.V. OF THE BLACK GERMAN SHEPHERD DOG 137

curled up at the foot of his son's door -- its fangs bared, body poised to spring.

ANGLE ON THORN

138

rendered immobile; breathing shallow as he gazes down,
wide-eyed at the dog.

THORN

...Whoa...Whoa...

The door suddenly opens, Mrs. Baylock appearing.

MRS. BAYLOCK

(to the dog)

Quiet down. This is the master
of the house.

ANGLE ON THE DOG

139

quieting, lowering his head.

THORN

(breathless)

What is this?

MRS. BAYLOCK

Sir?

THORN

This dog.

MRS. BAYLOCK

Shepherd, I think. Isn't he
beautiful. We found him outside.

THORN

Who gave you permission...

MRS. BAYLOCK

I thought we could use a good
watchdog, and Damien absolutely
loves him.

ANGLE ON THORN

140

gazing fearfully down at the animal.

MRS. BAYLOCK

Gave you a fright, did he?

THORN

Yes.

MRS. BAYLOCK

See how good he is? As a watchdog,
I mean? Believe me, you'll be
grateful on those long trips away.

ANGLE ON THORN

141

angered.

THORN

We don't need a dog, Mrs. Baylock.
When we do, I'll pick one out myself.

ANGLE ON MRS. BAYLOCK

142

taken aback.

MRS. BAYLOCK

Damien's taken quite a fancy
to it, sir.

THORN

Tomorrow morning, you'll call the
SPCA and tell them to find him
another home.

(a pause)

Do you understand?

They stand for a moment, eye to eye -- Thorn clumsily
turning, making his way back down the darkened hall.

ANGLE ON MRS. BAYLOCK AND THE DOG

A-142

staunchly positioned in front of the child's room; their
postures intense and filled with hate. Mrs. Baylock goes
back into Damien's room.

CUT TO:

INT. DAMIEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

B-142

Mrs. Baylock crosses to sleeping Damien and looks down at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAY

143

as a limousine pulls up and Thorn exits: his face grimly
set as he makes his way toward the front doors.

ANGLE ON A REPORTER AND PHOTOGRAPHER (JENNINGS)

144

wearing at least two cameras, spotting him and hurrying to
his side.

REPORTER

(moving fast)

Have you read the papers today,
Mr. Thorn?

Cont.

THORN
(continuing to walk)
No, I haven't.

REPORTER
There's an article about the
suicide. Your nanny, the one
that jumped...

ANGLE ON THORN
ignoring them.

A-144

REPORTER
It says she left a suicide note.

THORN
(walking fast)
That's not true.

JENNINGS
(camera poised)
Could you look this way, please?

THORN
(shaking his head)
Would you mind?

REPORTER
(pursuing him)
Is it true she was involved with
drugs?

THORN
(to the photographer)
Would you get out of my way?

JENNINGS
(snapping away)
Just doing my job, sir...

REPORTER
Did she use drugs, Mr. Thorn?

THORN
(bristling)
Of course not.

REPORTER
The article said...

THORN
(flaring)
I don't care what the article said...

JENNINGS

(stepping in front
of him)

Could you hold it like that?

And the CAMERA COMES TOO CLOSE: Thorn colliding with it as he pushes through, the CAMERA SMASHING to the GROUND.

ANGLES ON ALL

145-
146

suddenly stopped -- gazing down at the damage.

THORN

(upset)

...I'm sorry...send me a bill
for the damage.

ANGLE ON BOTH

147

as Jennings gazes up at him.

JENNINGS

(sardonic)

That's all right, Mr. Ambassador.
Let's just say...you owe me.!

After a moment, Thorn turns on his heel: a BOBBY running up, too late, of course, and surveying the aftermath.

CUT TO:

INT. THORN'S OFFICE

148

Thorn on the phone; troubled; one AIDE working beside him, ANOTHER entering.

THORN

(to the phone)

I think I've done everything
I can, they just...

(listens)

...well, they've got oil, and
when you've got oil, you've got
power.

(pause)

I know. Well, I'll do that when
I have to. Right. I will.

He hangs up; gazing moodily into space.

AIDE NO.1

...President?

Cont.

THORN
(troubled)
Wants me to go to Saudi Arabia.

AIDE NO.1
Don't want to?

THORN
It's not a good time.

An INTERCOM BUZZES.

THORN
(pushing a button)
Yes.

SECRETARY'S VOICE
(through the
intercom)
There's a Father Tassone here
to see you.

THORN
Who?

SECRETARY'S VOICE
A priest named Father Tassone from
Rome. He says it's a matter of
urgent personal business.

THORN
I never heard of him.

SECRETARY'S VOICE
He says he just needs a minute...
something about a hospital?

AIDE NO.1
Probably wants a donation.

THORN
(fatigued)
All right, send him in.

AIDE NO.2
(puzzled)
I didn't know you were such a
soft touch.

ANGLE ON THORN

149

brooding.

AIDE NO.1

(rising)

On that Saudi Arabia trip,
why isn't it a good time?

THORN

Just isn't.

AIDE NO.1

Politically it couldn't be better.

THORN

It's personal, Tom. I don't
feel like leaving home.

ANGLE ON THE AIDES

150

exchanging a glance...as Thorn's door opens and the figure
of a PRIEST appears. He is not the stately or composed
figure one would expect: but a small and nervous man;
disheveled in appearance, eyes sunken and etched with
desperation; hat clutched in his hand.

ANGLE ON THORN

151

gazing at the Priest uneasily: the two Aides excusing
themselves, making their exit.

Alone now with the Priest; Thorn rises, the Priest closing
the doors behind him, then turning: his eyes riveting into
Thorn's face across the room.

THORN

(apprehensive)

...Yes.

Cont.

PRIEST
We haven't much time.

THORN
...What?

PRIEST
You must listen to what I say.

THORN
(guarded)
And what is that?

PRIEST
(desperate)
You must accept Christ as your savior.

ANGLE ON THORN

152

staring at the man; dumbfounded.

PRIEST
You must accept him now.

THORN
Excuse me. Did I understand you to have a matter of urgent personal business?

PRIEST
(pleading)
You must take Communion. Drink the blood of Christ and eat his flesh, for only if He is within you can you defeat the son of the devil.

ANOTHER ANGLE

153

The atmosphere silent and tense; Thorn not knowing what to say.

THORN
I see.

PRIEST
(voice rising)
He's killed once, he'll kill again. He'll kill until everything that's yours, is his.

Cont.

THORN
If you'll just wait outside...

PRIEST
(approaching)
Only through Christ can you fight
him. Accept the Lord Jesus. Drink
of his blood.

ANGLE ON THORN

154

inconspicuously pushing a button.

PRIEST
I've locked the door, Mr. Thorn.

ANGLE ON THORN

155

frightened.

SECRETARY'S VOICE
(through intercom)
Yes?

THORN
(evenly)
Send for a security guard, please.

SECRETARY'S VOICE
(o.s.)
What's that?

PRIEST
(near tears)
I beg you, Mr. Thorn, listen to
what I say.

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

156

his eyes pleading.

SECRETARY'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Mr. Thorn?

PRIEST
I was at the hospital, Mr. Thorn,
the night your son was born.

ANGLE ON THORN

157

shocked; immobile.

PRIEST
(voice shaking)
I was...a midwife...I...witnessed...
the birth.

SECRETARY'S VOICE

...Sir? (o.s.)

THORN

(shaken; into the
intercom)

Nothing. Just...stand by.

He clicks off the intercom: his eyes searching the Priest.

PRIEST

(choking back tears)

I beg you...

THORN

What do you want?

PRIEST

To save you, Mr. Thorn. So Christ
will forgive me.

THORN

What do you know about my son?

PRIEST

Everything.

THORN

And what is that?

PRIEST

(choking back tears)

I saw its mother.

THORN

You saw my wife?

PRIEST

I saw its mother.

THORN

You're referring to my wife?

PRIEST

Its mother, Mr. Thorn!

THORN

If this is blackmail, just come
out and say it! What is it you're
trying to say?!

PRIEST

His mother...was a jackal!

ANGLE ON THORN

158

shocked.

PRIEST

(shouting)

He was born of a jackal! I
saw it myself!

With a sudden CRASH, the door flies open: A DRESS MARINE
entering the room -- gazing from the Priest to Thorn.

MARINE

Everything all right in here,
Mr. Thorn?

SECRETARY

(entering)

You sounded strange -- the door
was locked...

ANGLE ON THORN

159

trying to collect himself.

THORN

(breathless)

I want this gentleman...escorted
out of here...

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

160

looking sadly at Thorn as he nods and heads for the door.
There, he turns again, looking at Thorn.

PRIEST

(a whisper)

Accept Christ, sir. Each day...
drink his blood.

ANGLE ON THORN

161

paralyzed.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMBASSY - DAY

162

as the Marine exits with TASSONE in hand -- CAMERA PANNING
to a taxi where Jennings, the photographer, leans against
the hood, taking notice of the "escorted" exit.

ANGLE ON THE MARINE

163

turning the LITTLE PRIEST over to a BOBBY.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

164

lifting his camera and snapping a picture -- then watching --
snapping another as the Priest shuffles away.

ANOTHER ANGLE - JENNINGS

A-164

as he wanders toward the Bobby, catching his eye.

JENNINGS

Hey, mate. What's the fuss?

BOBBY

(waving him off)

Go on, you've got in enough trouble
with that thing today.

In defiance Jennings snaps a picture of the Bobby.

INT. DARKROOM

165

Jennings illuminated by a red glow as, in infrared darkness
he develops a print studying it with interest as it slowly
becomes readable in the liquid. Several other pictures from
the same roll of film are in evidence.

ANGLE ON THE PHOTO

166

slowly developing an enlargement of the Priest being turned
over to the Bobby in front of the American Embassy.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

167

lifting the picture; holding it up to the light.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE PICTURE

168

as a final element develops before our eyes. It is a blur of
movement streaking downward toward the Priest's head; as
though a javelin had been let loose from heaven to skewer
him into the ground.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

169

touching the photograph in wonder; carefully laying it beside
two others.

ANGLE ON THREE PHOTOGRAPHS

A-169

two of the Priest, one of the Bobby -- both shots of the
Priest showing the strange, javelin-like shape suspended over
his head.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

B-169

puzzled.

EXT. SAFARI PARK - DAY

C-169

CAMERA PANNING PAST a small herd of gazelle feeding by the road as a long procession of cars move slowly past -- HOLDING ON THE ENTRANCE where we SEE Katherine's CAR approaching the Toll Booth.

OUT 170

INT. KATHERINE'S CAR

A-170

Katherine at the wheel; paying her admission, being instructed to roll up the windows -- CAMERA PANNING to Damien, beside her.

EXT. THE CAR

B-170

as, sandwiched between others, it begins to slowly move forward.

OUT 171

CUT TO:

EXT. SAUDI ARABIAN EMBASSY - SAME

A-171

Thorn exiting a limousine with three other men (TWO SAUDIS, ONE AIDE) -- all heading toward the building.

OUT 172

CUT TO:

EXT. SAFARI PARK - SAME

A-172

Katherine and Damien seen in their car as it moves slowly TOWARD a group of animals -- CAMERA MOVING IN CLOSE on Damien as they approach.

OUT 173

ANGLE ON THE ANIMALS

A-173

A group of gazelle, feeding beside the road.

OUT 174

INT. THE CAR - ANGLE ON KATHERINE

A-174

relaxed, enjoying the day: glancing at Damien, then toward the animals as they gradually come upon them.

OUT 175

ANGLE FROM HER P.O.V.

A-175

of the gazelle -- seeming to become alerted to them; their postures stiffening as they turn toward the car -- as though it were a predator suddenly come into their midst.

OUT 176

ANGLE ON KATHERINE

A-176

noticing the effect they are having on the animals -- her face reflecting curiosity.

ANGLE ON DAMIEN

B-176

moving close to the window.

ANGLE ON THE ANIMALS

C-176

turning and bolting: stampeding toward the limits of their enclosure.

ANGLE ON KATHERINE

D-176

puzzled.

OUT 177

CUT TO:

EXT. SAUDI ARABIAN EMBASSY - SAME

A-177

UP ANGLE revealing Thorn, seen through a window, pacing as he apparently talks to other men in the room -- his gaze idly shifting toward the street and FREEZING: jarred at what he sees.

ANGLE FROM HIS P.O.V.

B-177

Father Tassone, the Priest, who was in his office -- standing across the street and gazing imploringly upward at him; hat clutched in his hand, eyes etched with desperation.

OUT 178

CUT TO:

EXT. SAFARI PARK - ANGLE ON A LARGE COLONY OF BABOONS

A-178

Over a hundred of them, milling about close to the cars, picking up bits of peanuts and popcorn the patrons have thrown out for them.

OUT 179

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

195

Kathy in bed. Robert ENTERS from dressing room in pajamas ready for bed. The room semi-darkened and utterly quiet.

THORN

(gazing uneasily
at her)

Are you all right, Kathy?

KATHY

Yes.

THORN

-- so silent?

KATHY

(expressionless)

Just tired, I guess.

THORN

...Full day?

KATHY

Yes. You?

ANGLE ON THORN

196

pausing; deciding the better of it.

THORN

Yes. Very full.

They exchange a weak smile.

THORN

Damien all right?

KATHY

(too quickly)

Yes.

THORN

Are you sure?

KATHY

Yes.

ANGLE ON THORN

197

studying her, as he crosses to the bed and gets in next to Kathy.

THORN

(after a long pause)

If there were anything... 'wrong'
you'd tell me, wouldn't you?

KATHY

'Wrong'?

(upset)

What could be wrong with our son,
Robert? We are the blessed people,
aren't we?

ANGLE ON THORN

198

uncertain about her tone.

KATHY

I mean only 'goodness' comes to the
House of the Thorns. Black clouds
just stay away.

THORN

(sobered)

Something is wrong, isn't it?

ANGLE ON KATHY

199

lowering her head into the pillow.

THORN

Kathy...is it so serious?

ANGLE ON KATHY

200

struggling to control her voice.

KATHY

(emotional)

I think...I want to see a
psychiatrist.

ANGLE ON THORN

201

deeply concerned.

KATHY

(struggling to speak)

I have... 'fears.' Fears that...
a normal person wouldn't have.

THORN

(gently)

Kathy. What kind of fears?

KATHY

If I told, they'd put me away.

THORN

No, no...I love you.

ANGLE ON KATHY

202

gazing up through tear-streaked eyes.

KATHY

Then help me. Find me a doctor.

ANGLE ON THORN

203

reaching for her hands.

THORN

Of course. Of course.

ANGLE ON KATHY

204

nodding in gratitude; Thorn raising her hands to his lips.

OUT 205-
216

CUT TO:

EXT. SPORTS STADIUM - DAY

A-216

VARIOUS ANGLES on BANDS PLAYING, CHEERLEADERS CHEERING, RUGBY PLAYERS WARMING UP ON THE FIELD -- CAMERA PANNING to Thorn; poised before a microphone, waiting for silence, a Rugby Ball poised in his hand. VARIOUS ANGLES OF Thorn, CROWD and RUGBY PLAYERS as game continues.

OUT 217-
221

ANOTHER ANGLE

222

As the game ends, the Crowd around him reacting as Thorn turns to his COMPANION.

COMPANION

I'd say you've lost a bet.

THORN

Forty-seven to nothing, I'd say I have.

COMPANION

That'll be three quid.

THORN

I thought it was two.

Cont.

VARIOUS ANGLES

A-179-
A-183

People in their cars, laughing; Baboons eating:
CAMERA PANNING BACK to reveal Katherine's car approaching;
Damien's face in the windshield.

ANGLE ON THE BABOONS

184

as their activity slowly stops; and they begin to turn, one
by one, toward the oncoming car.

ANGLE ON DAMIEN'S FACE

185

seen through the windshield, as it moves slowly closer.

ANGLE ON A BABOON'S FACE

186

gazing at him, suddenly shrieking in fear: others joining in,
beginning to bound about the road in panic, some scurrying
for the safety of nearby trees.

ANGLE ON A CAR

187

stopping short as a monkey dashes beneath its wheels; the
banging of car bumpers heard behind it.

ANGLE ON DAMIEN

188

thrown forward as Katherine slams on the brakes -- both
gazing around in confusion as monkeys shriek down at them
from surrounding bushes and trees; babies clinging desperately
to their mothers; males baring their fangs.

ANGLE FROM THEIR P.O.V.

189

of the frenzy and anger around them.

CLOSE ON KATHERINE

190

gazing upward; suddenly jolted as a LARGE HAIRY BODY lands on
the hood directly in front of her.

ANGLE FROM HER P.O.V. - A GIGANTIC MALE BABOON

191

Its face garishly colored with bright pinks and white;
attacking the windshield, trying to get at Damien.

ANGLE ON DAMIEN

192

paralyzed with fear.

ANGLE ON THE BABOON

193

frenzied, trying to get at him.

ANGLE ON KATHERINE

194

unable to move: her mouth flying open in a terrified SCREAM.

CUT TO:

COMPANION

Rate of inflation.

They turn, beginning to move with the crowd.

COMPANION

Robert, you'll be presenting the
cup over here, the tele cameras
are set up in the Clubhouse...

ANGLE ON THORN

A-222

nodding as he moves through people; The Rugby Players
merging with them, both Thorn and his Companion shaking
hands with them, congratulating them as they go.

ANGLE ON A HAND

223

reaching through with force and grabbing Thorn.

ANGLE ON THORN

224

turning; shocked to find himself face to face with the
PRIEST.

PRIEST

(breathless)

Tomorrow, one o'clock,
Bishop's Park.

ANGLE ON THORN

A-224

rendered immobile.

PRIEST

Five minutes, then you'll never
see me again.

CLOSE ON THE PRIEST

B-224

desperate.

PRIEST

Your wife is in danger. She'll
die unless you come.

And suddenly the man is gone, disappearing into the crowd;
Thorn left gazing after him.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

B-224-A

having seen the confrontation; lifting his camera and slowly
pulling focus.

225 Cont.

entering by way of a stone path, trying to appear casual as he gazes around -- his eyes finding what they were looking for.

ANGLE FROM HIS P.O.V. - THE PRIEST

226

his back to us, seated on a bench beneath a tree.

ANGLE ON THORN

227

stiffening, bracing himself, walking forward.

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

228

his face tense, bathed in perspiration -- as Thorn approaches, and circles -- confronting him head on.

ANGLES ON BOTH

229-

their eyes locked.

230

THORN

(tensed)

I should have brought the police.

PRIEST

They can't help you.

THORN

Get on with it. Say what you have to say.

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

231

beginning to tremble as if under intense exertion.

PRIEST

When the Jews return to Zion, and
a comet rips the sky;
And the Holy Roman Empire rises,
then you and I must die.

ANGLE ON THORN

232

fearful, rigid.

PRIEST

(voice rising)

From the Eternal Sea He rises,
Creating Armies on either shore;
Turning man against his brother,
'Til man exists no more!

ANGLE THROUGH HIS LENSE

B-224-B

The little Priest: clearing the crowd, hurriedly leaving the park.

We hear a SHUTTER CLICK.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNINGS' DARKROOM

B-224-C

CLOSE ANGLE on an enlargement as it develops in solution: CAMERA FOLLOWING it as it is raised, dripping, and lifted toward the light.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

C-224

TURNING a brighter light on it, trying to make it out.

ANGLE ON THE PRINT

D-224

showing the Priest pushing through the crowd...and again, the phantom-like appendage rising from his head.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

E-224

sobered; sitting down and gazing long at the photo.

EXT. BISHOP'S PARK - FULHAM - DAY

225

HIGH ANGLE REVEALING cobblestone walkways, flower gardens, benches -- CAMERA PANNING TO REVEAL Thorn, cautiously.

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

gazing desperately into Thorn's eyes.

PRIEST

The book of Revelations predicted
it all.

THORN

I'm not here for a religious sermon.

PRIEST

(quoting)

'It is by means of a human personality
entirely in his possession that
Satan will wage his last and
formidable offense...'

THORN

You said my wife was in...

PRIEST

(in a fever)

Go to the town of Meggido in the
old city of Jezreel, there see the
old man Bugenhagen. He alone can
describe how the child must die.

THORN

...Look here...

PRIEST

(his voice rising)

He who will not be saved by the
Lamb will be torn by the Beast...!

THORN

(shouting)

Stop it!

There is sudden silence: The Priest gazing rigidly into
Thorn's angry eyes.

THORN

I'm here because you said my
wife was in danger.

PRIEST

She is pregnant.

THORN

You're mistaken.

PRIEST

(fearfully)

He will not allow the child to be
born, He will kill it while it
slumbers in the womb.

Cont.

THORN

What on earth are you talking about?

PRIEST

Your son, Mr. Thorn! The son of the Devil! He will kill the unborn child and then he will kill your wife! And when he is certain to inherit all that is yours, then, Mr. Thorn, he will kill you!

THORN

That's enough!

PRIEST

...And with your wealth and power he will establish his counterfeit kingdom here on earth, receiving his power directly from Satan...

THORN

You're insane...

PRIEST

He must die, Mr. Thorn!

THORN

You asked for five minutes and that's what you got.

PRIEST

(begging)

Go to the city of Meggido, see Bugenhagen before it's too late!

Turning on his heel, Thorn starts to EXIT, turning, pointing a trembling finger at the Priest.

THORN

Now I've heard you...I want you to hear me. I never want to see you again...

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

234

gazing at Thorn in sad resignation.

PRIEST

(darkly)

You'll see me in hell, Mr. Thorn.
There we will share out our sentence.

Thorn leaves: the Priest sitting alone for a time in silence; then, crossing himself, he slowly rises, the SOUND of "OHMMM" filling the air.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

235

seeming to hear the chant; stiffening, his hand clutching the large cross that hangs from his neck.

ANOTHER ANGLE

236

as the CHANT RISES IN INTENSITY: the Priest bracing himself and moving slowly out of the park...CAMERA HOLDING as a wind suddenly rises, powerfully shaking the tree he was sitting under.

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

237

reaching the Park's edge; the wind beginning to blow hard around him, his capes lifting in the swirl. From above, comes the DISTANT RUMBLE OF THUNDER: the Priest gazing fearfully around.

ANGLE FROM HIS P.O.V.

238

Across the park from where he came; the SPIRE OF A CHURCH barely visible through the tops of trees.

CLOSE ON THE PRIEST

239

jolted by a sudden crack of thunder, moving back into the park and beginning to run.

HIGH ANGLE

240

the Priest racing through the park as THUNDER cracks once again, accompanied by a sudden torrent of rain.

CLOSE ON THE PRIEST RUNNING

241

eyes desperate: focused on the distant church.

ANGLE ON THE SKY

242

flickering with electricity.

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

243

running hard, groaning in fear: lightning beginning to hit around him, a TREE fairly exploding as he passes.

ANOTHER ANGLE

244

the Priest breathless; struggling to run.

OUT 245-
249

EXT. PARK

A-249

as the Priest crashes through a stand of bushes, reaching the small gate of the church courtyard; struggling with it, unable to open it, climbing over it and falling: his robes ripping as he hits the ground.

ANGLE ON THE GATE

A-249-A

behind him as it is struck by lightning, tearing it from the cement and leaving it twisted as apple core, smouldering on the ground.

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

A-249-B

staggering backwards, mouth agape -- lunging upon the church doors; pulling at them, banging on them; the doors locked; rattling as he desperately pulls.

OUT 250

CLOSE ON THE PRIEST

A-250

panicked; eyes darting about for some other entrance -- shuddering as another report of THUNDER crackles.

OUT 251

ANGLE ON A BOLT OF LIGHTNING

A-251

streaking downward, arrested by a lightning rod: the ROD SNAPPING OFF at its base and hitting the tiled roof -- eight feet of pointed steel, beginning its slow descent down the back of the roof.

OUT 252

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

A-252

gasping, barely able to continue, staggering around the building toward the back and banging there on a shuttered window -- backing up into the rain and gazing at it -- mouth agape, sucking for air...as above him comes a sound; a metallic banging, gradually increasing in speed...

OUT 253

HIGH ANGLE OF THE PRIEST

A-253

as he hears the SOUND and glances up; his face frozen in HORROR as the LIGHTNING ROD leaves the edge of the roof, plummeting downward with the directness of an earthbound javelin.

OUT 254

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

A-254

as the JAVELIN smashes into him, running the length of his body and impaling him in the grass: his body suspended on it like a marionette hung up for the night.

OUT 255

MANY ANGLES - THE PRIEST

A-255

A-256

impaled -- as the sky begins to slowly brighten; the rain ending -- the sun once again beginning to shine through.

OUT 257

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE PRIEST'S FACE

A-257

frozen in an open-mouthed expression of puzzlement; eyes glazed, and gazing skywards.

OUT 258-
259

INT. THORN HOUSE - LIBRARY/PATIO - CLOSE
ANGLE ON THE CHILD - MORNING

260

playing as any child would, making the sound of an engine while riding a wheel-toy across a parquet floor.

ANGLE ON KATHY

261

her face drawn, etched with tension; barely able to tolerate the sound of her son playing.

ANGLE ON THE CHILD

262

absorbed in his play: making the sound louder, racing fast on the wheel-toy, careening around the room.

ANGLE ON KATHY

263

snapping.

KATHY

(shouting)

Mrs. Baylock!

ANGLE ON THORN

264

entering, a newspaper in hand, gazing quizzically at Kathy.

THORN

Something wrong?

KATHY

(taut)

I can't stand that noise.

THORN

It's not all that bad...

KATHY

(angered)

Mrs. Baylock!

ANGLE ON MRS. BAYLOCK

265

appearing.

MRS. BAYLOCK

Ma'am?

KATHY

(terse)

Take him out of here.

ANGLE ON THORN

266

gazing at her, upset.

THORN

He's only playing.

KATHY

I said take him out!

MRS. BAYLOCK

Yes, ma'am.

ANGLE ON MRS. BAYLOCK

267

taking the child by the hand, leading him from the room --
CAMERA LINGERING on the face of the child as he gazes back at his mother -- his eyes filled with hurt. Kathy exits to patio.

ANGLE ON THORN

268

watching him go: then turning to Kathy, despair in his eyes.
Thorn follows Kathy to patio.

ANGLE ON KATHY

269

averting hers: a long silence passing.

THORN

(sadly)

I sometimes wonder...why we so
desperately wanted a child.

KATHY

...Our image.

ANGLE ON THORN

A-269

taken aback.

THORN

...What?

KATHY

How could we not have a child,
Robert? Who ever heard of a
beautiful family not having a
beautiful child?

ANGLE ON THORN

270

hurt.

THORN

...Kathy...

KATHY

It's true, isn't it? It was for me,
anyway. I never thought of what
it would be like to raise one...I
just thought how nice our pictures
would look on the mantel.

ANGLE ON THORN

271

upset.

THORN

Is this what your 'doctor' is
doing for you?

KATHY

Yes.

THORN

Then I'll be having a word with him.

KATHY

Yes. You will. He'll have something to talk to you about, too.

THORN

(guarded)

...Oh?

KATHY

We have a problem, Robert.

ANGLE ON THORN

272

fearful of asking "what."

KATHY

I want no more children, ever.

THORN

(placating)

All right.

ANGLE ON KATHY

273

searching his face.

KATHY

Then you'll agree to an abortion?

ANGLE ON THORN

274

stunned.

KATHY

I'm pregnant, Robert. I just found out this morning.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON THORN'S FACE: reacting as though he has been hit hard in the gut.

KATHY

Did you hear me?

ANGLE ON THORN

275

immobile -- as the PHONE RINGS -- RINGS AGAIN -- he, mechanically reaching for it, as he reenters library.

INT. LIBRARY

A-275

THORN

(lifeless)

Hello? Yes, this is he.

(puzzled)

What?

THORN (Cont.)

(a pause)

Who is this? Hello? Hello?

Totally puzzled, disoriented, he hangs up the phone -- gazing at Kathy in a mixture of confusion and alarm.

ANGLE ON KATHY

276

gazing back at him, equally upset.

THORN

...Something about...the newspapers...

ANGLE ON THORN

277

as his eyes slowly fall to the folded newspaper on the table in front of him -- and he opens it: CAMERA ZOOMING IN on the front page photo.

It is of the Priest, impaled on the lightning rod, the caption beneath it reading: "PRIEST CRUCIFIED IN BIZARRE TRAGEDY."

ANGLE ON THORN

278

beginning to tremble in every fiber, unable to pull his eyes away from the page.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

279

THORN seated uneasily on a chair watching a young psychiatrist, HUGH GREER, pace the office before him.

GREER

She felt she needed to prove herself worthy of you by bearing your child.

ANGLE ON THORN

A-279

stricken.

THORN

...If she had...lost the child... she'd have had a breakdown.

GREER

She might have done...But at this moment she can't cope, so she searches for a reason that won't make her feel she's inadequate.

ANGLE ON THORN

280-

281

fearful. Attentive.

GREER

She fantasizes Damien is evil...

THORN

...What?

GREER

She's unable to love him, so she invents a reason why he's not worthy of her love.

THORN

...She thinks he's evil?

GREER

The point is that, at this time, another child would be disastrous.

THORN

In what way... 'evil'?

ANGLE ON GREER

282

studying Thorn's face.

GREER

This is just a fantasy. She also fantasizes that he isn't really hers.

ANGLE ON THORN

283

stung; averting his eyes.

ANGLE ON GREER

284

watching him.

GREER

There's no need to despair...

ANGLE ON THORN

285

gazing up at him.

THORN

(in earnest)

Doctor...

ANGLE ON GREER

286

waiting for more.

GREER

...Yes?

And suddenly the atmosphere in the room reverberates with the distant SOUND of OOOHHHMMM, almost subliminal, a vibration that makes Thorn stiffen.

GREER

You were about to say something?

The chant takes a step upward in volume: Thorn's expression becoming fearful.

GREER

Mr. Thorn....?

ANGLE ON THORN

287

gazing at him; helpless, his breath stepping up.

THORN

I'm...frightened...

Greer doesn't answer, just studies Thorn.

THORN

I mean...I'm...afraid.' I don't know what to do.

GREER

The most important thing for you to do is...agree to an abortion.

ANGLE ON THORN

288

suddenly looking up at him: and abruptly the SOUND OF THE CHANT ENDS.

THORN

No.

ANGLE ON GREER

289

surprised.

ANGLE ON GREER

A-289

gazing at Thorn in utter dismay.

GREER

I'd like to know your reason.

ANGLE ON THORN

290

his gaze finding Greer's and holding firm.

ANGLE ON GREER

291

confused.

ANGLE ON THORN

A-291

shaken.

THORN

...I was foretold this pregnancy
would be terminated...and I'm
going to fight to see that it's
not.

He pauses, gazing into the bewildered face of the
psychiatrist.

THORN

I know what this must sound like
and perhaps I am... 'insane.' But
this pregnancy must endure to keep
me from...believing.

GREER

Believing?

ANGLE ON THORN

292

taut.

THORN

...As my wife does. That our
son is...

The OHMM begins again...Thorn's voice breaking off: the
words sticking in his throat.

ANGLE ON GREER

293

gazing at him with amazement and concern.

THORN

(suddenly rising)
Forgive me.

GREER

(softly)
Please sit down...

Cont.

THORN
(backing toward
the door)
I'm sorry...I must...get
home!

And, turning, he hurries from the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

294

The CHANT CONTINUING as Thorn exits the building at a
near-run, heading to his car (Sports car - top down) and,
entering, peels rubber as he pulls away from the curb.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - SAME

295

HIGH ANGLE SHOWING Thorn's car moving fast, through traffic. He just misses another car.

INT. CAR - SAME - ANGLE ON THORN

296

His face rigid with fear; accelerating as he approaches a changing stoplight, traffic SCREECHING around him as he barely makes it through.

CUT TO:

INT. THORN HOME - SAME

297

The CHANT CONTINUING as we SEE Kathy, on the second floor landing, preparing to water some hanging plants -- while behind her, in his room, the child rides his wheel-toy, making the sound of a train.

ANGLE WITHIN THE CHILD'S ROOM

298

REVEALING Mrs. Baylock standing at his window, her eyes closed as though gripped in prayer.

CLOSE SHOT - THE CHILD

299

riding faster: his face becoming gripped with intensity.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. CITY - SAME

300

The CHANT RISING: AERIAL VIEW of Thorn's car SQUEALING as it turns fast onto a cloverleaf that spews it out onto a three lane road.

ANGLE INSIDE THE CAR - REVEALING THORN

301

his face etched with tension, hands gripping the wheel tightly as he speeds for home.

EXT. CAR

302

passing others, moving fast down the highway.

ANGLE INSIDE THE CAR

303

CAMERA SHOOTING PAST Thorn's profile, out the driver's window -- as we SEE another car, black and massive, slowly gaining on him, until it is directly alongside his window.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE BLACK CAR

304

REVEALING it is a HEARSE: A coffin within it SEEN clearly through its windows -- a young chauffeur gazing straight ahead.

CLOSE SHOT - THORN

305

as he turns and sees the hearse: his eyes filling with unreasoning fear.

ANGLE ON THORN'S DASHBOARD

306

as his foot presses down on the accelerator, the speedometer rising from 85 to 95.

ANGLE ON THORN'S PROFILE

307

SHOWING the hearse dropping back, then regaining its position perfectly alongside the car...then beginning to pull ahead: Thorn speeding faster in an attempt to keep it from passing.

CUT TO:

INT. THORN HOME - SAME MOMENT

308

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE CHILD racing his wheel-toy in a growing frenzy, pounding on it as though it were a racehorse.

ANGLE ON KATHY

309

on the second floor landing, stepping up on a stool near the balcony to water some overhanging plants.

ANGLE ON MRS. BAYLOCK

310

gazing hard at the child: as if directing him with sheer force of willpower to go faster.

ANGLE ON THE CHILD

311

accelerating; wild-eyed, whipping into a frenzy.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY

312

AERIAL VIEW of Thorn's car and the hearse, neck and neck, both moving at fantastic speeds.

CUT TO:

INT. THORN HALLWAY

A-312

HIGH ANGLE looking down on Kathy -- SEEING foyer below.

CUT TO:

INT. THORN'S CAR - CLOSE ON THORN

313

teeth bared, straining with every muscle as he pushes his body against the accelerator and the floor -- the hearse SEEN gaining steadily until the coffin is riding alongside his face.

THORN
(straining)
No...No...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THORN HOUSE - CLOSE ON THE CHILD 314
still accelerating, careening wildly.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. THORN'S CAR 315
its machinery screaming as it is pushed to the limits.

ANGLE ON THE DASHBOARD 316
registering a hundred and twenty miles an hour.

ANGLE ON THORN 317
his mouth opening to let loose a bloodcurdling cry.

ANGLE FROM HIS P.O.V. A-317
bearing down fast on the rear end of a car in his lane ahead of him.

ANGLE ON THORN B-317
still screaming as he applies the brake. The hearse overtaking him.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THORN HOUSE - SAME - ANGLE ON THE CHILD 318
shooting from his room on the wheel-toy, and crashing headlong into Kathy; she toppling from the stool, clawing air and screaming -- taking a circular goldfish bowl with her -- as she topples over the balcony.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SLOW MOTION 319
as she flails into midair -- the goldfish in flight with her -- as she plummets downward, toward the tile floor below.

ANOTHER ANGLE 320
at floor level, as IN SLOW MOTION, she hits, actually bouncing with the impact -- the goldfish and water raining delicately down on her -- the bowl exploding on impact into glistening shards -- before all settle, motionless, against the tile.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - ANGLE ON A CORRIDOR - NIGHT 321
filled with reporters milling about and asking questions -- as a door suddenly bursts open, Thorn racing in, disheveled, eyes desperate, as flashbulbs begin to pop in his face, and he fights his way through them to another set of doors marked "INTENSIVE CARE."

CUT TO:

INT. INTENSIVE CARE

322

as Thorn enters, stunned, gazing in confusion toward a row of cubicles.

DOCTOR

(o.s.)

Ambassador Thorn.

Startled, Thorn turns -- SWISH PANNING to a young DOCTOR approaching, his manner brusque and impersonal.

THORN

(as if in a daze)

Yes?

DOCTOR

My name is Becker.

THORN

(desperate)

Is she...all right?

DOCTOR

(grim)

She'll recover.

ANGLE ON THORN

323

fearful.

DOCTOR

...She has a concussion, a broken collar bone and some internal bleeding.

THORN

...Internal bleeding?

DOCTOR

That's our biggest worry at the moment.

THORN

She's pregnant.

DOCTOR

I'm afraid not.

ANGLE ON THORN

324

as though hit in the stomach.

THORN

She lost it...?

DOCTOR

I'm afraid so.

ANGLE ON THORN

325

shuddering; leaning against the wall for support.

DOCTOR

In a fall like this, it's usually
the head that hits first. So in
a sense...you can consider yourself
lucky.

ANGLE ON THORN

A-325

near tears.

OUT 326-
327

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - 328
CLOSE ANGLE ON KATHY - SAME

unconscious, attended by a nurse: a tube in her nostril,
another in her arm leading to a bottle of plasma...CAMERA
PANNING to the entrance as Thorn enters, his face streaked
with tears, and slowly approaches the bed, gazing down,
gently touching her face.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THORN 329

his eyes filled with disbelief.

ANGLE ON KATHY 330

her eyes flickering for an instant, then hazily opening.

KATHY

(delirious)

Robert...

THORN

Ssssshhhh...

Cont.

KATHY

...Don't...let him...kill...me...

THORN

...Kathy...

But she is asleep again; her face relaxing into a deep slumber.

We HOLD LONG on Thorn...

CUT TO:

INT. THORN HOUSE - ANGLE ON THE TILE FLOOR - 331
LATE NIGHT

a shapeless stain of dried blood absorbed by the tile where Kathy fell -- CAMERA PANNING UPWARD as the front door opens, and Thorn enters -- his eyes immediately focusing on the blood spot -- he, standing there for a long moment, gazing at it in hypnotic fatigue.

Finally, he moves: to the foot of the stairwell and there pauses again, his eyes searching upward in the darkness.

ANOTHER ANGLE 332

as he slowly mounts the stairs, his eyes fixed on the closed door of his son's room.

ANOTHER ANGLE 333

as he reaches the second landing, and approaches the room, slowly turning the knob...then, even slower, cracking open the door.

CLOSE SHOT - HIS FACE 334

recoiling at the sight before him.

HIS P.O.V. 335

REVEALING the child, asleep in his bed -- guarded by the black dog, alert, on guard...a low rumble gurgling from its throat, its eyes flashing a warning toward Thorn...

ANGLE SHIFTS - FOLLOWING HIS GAZE - TO REVEAL A-335

-- through the opened door to her room -- the mountainous form of Mrs. Baylock: asleep.

CLOSE ON THORN

336

at the door, immobile: jolted by the sudden RINGING OF
A TELEPHONE, he exits.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

A-336

THORN
(breathless)

Yes?

ANGLE ON THORN

337

his face reflecting confusion.

THORN

...Who?

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - SAME

338

A combination photolab/darkroom. REVEALING the hulking
frame of Jennings, the photographer -- barely discernible
in semidarkness -- on the phone.

JENNINGS

(tense)

You know, the one whose camera
you busted...

CLOSE ON JENNINGS

339

sweating -- his face etched with urgency.

JENNINGS

I think you better meet me at
my flat right away.

He pauses, shaking his head.

JENNINGS

This isn't about the camera,
Mr. Thorn. It's about you.

His gaze moves towards a vat of slowly developing photographs,
CAMERA FOLLOWING his eyes -- SLOWLY ZOOMING IN on the tub of
rippling fluid.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNING'S APARTMENT - DARKROOM - LATER

340

The atmosphere infrared: a flashlight spotlighting a photograph. It is of Damien's birthday party: a shot of the Nanny laughing, surrounded by photographers.

JENNINGS

See anything unusual?

ANGLE ON THORN AND JENNINGS

341

-- strange shadows cast on their faces as they gaze downward.

THORN

(a headshake)

...I'm sorry, I...

JENNINGS

(pointing)

I'd have a hard time sellin' it
I'll tell you, with this kind of
blemish.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO

A-341

Jennings' finger tracing a vague "smudge", almost like a faint waft of smoke that seems to drift from just above the Nanny's head, wrapping gently around her neck.

ANGLE ON THORN

B-341

gazing down: uncertain of what to make of it.

JENNINGS

I didn't think nothing of it either.
Made a note to complain to the
factory about the film they been
makin'.

(reaching for
another photo)

I'm insured for this sort of thing,
you know. I get a bad lot of film,
it affects my livelihood.

ANGLE ON THORN

C-341

glancing at him. Wary.

JENNINGS

But then it happened again.

He puts a photograph on his light-board: flipping a
brighter switch.

ANGLE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH

342

It is the first one taken of the Priest, Father Tassone, as he left the Embassy: the "javelin" seen clearly, like a smudge above his head.

JENNINGS

(watching Thorn)

Beginning to get interesting, wouldn't you say?

ANGLE ON THORN

A-342

stunned: unable to respond.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

B-342

again changing photos.

JENNINGS

Here's one I snapped of him about ten days later.

ANGLE ON THE PHOTO

C-342

The Priest pushing through the Sports Stadium crowd.

THORN

(awed)

...Same thing...

JENNINGS

...Only more pronounced this time
...Actually making contact with his head.

ANGLE ON THORN

D-342

his mind reeling.

OUT

343-
345

ANGLE ON THE LIGHT-BOARD

346

as the photo again changes...this time to the newspaper photo of the Priest impaled on the Lightning Rod.

JENNINGS

The rest, of course, is history.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

A-346

as behind him an automatic timer goes off: he reaching over and flicking on a light -- turning back to meet Thorn's stunned gaze.

JENNINGS

(a long beat)

I can't explain it, either. That's why I started digging.

Taking a pair of tongs, he turns to a vat, lifting out an enlargement; waving it slightly to let it drip dry before moving it to the light.

JENNINGS

The coroner's report showed the little Priest was riddled with cancer. High on Morphine most of the time...injected himself two, three times a day.

THORN

...He knew he was dying?

JENNINGS

Apparently so.

ANGLE ON THORN

A-346-A

pensive.

THORN

...He said...he wanted to be Forgiven by Christ...

JENNINGS

(a smile)

No Atheists in foxholes, eh?

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

A-346-B

holding the enlargement to the light.

ANGLE ON THORN

347

wincing.

ANGLE ON THE PHOTO

348

In three separate panels, each a different death-pose of the Priest's naked body...CAMERA EXAMINING each pose -- pausing on the last.

Cont.

JENNINGS

Externally his body was completely normal...except for one small item on the inside of the left thigh.

He raises a large magnifying glass to the last photo:
REVEALING a strange mark, like a tattoo.

THORN

What is it?

JENNINGS

Three sixes. Six hundred and sixty-six.

THORN

(confused)

...Concentration camp...?

JENNINGS

That was my thought...but a biopsy showed it was a birthmark.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THORN

349

puzzled; Jennings rising, collecting some things.

JENNINGS

Put your coat on. The best is yet to come.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLEAZY STREET - NIGHT

350

Thorn and Jennings in Kathy's car, moving slowly along a garbage-strewn side street, stopping, going quiet.

ANGLE ON THORN AND JENNINGS WITHIN

A-350

Thorn glancing apprehensively at Jennings, the photographer responding by nodding toward a building across the street.

ANGLE FROM THEIR P.O.V.

B-350

A slum.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BUILDING

351

The two men's FOOTSTEPS HEARD ascending a wooden stairwell; their progress marked only by a flashlight -- as Jennings stops at the first landing, manipulating door keys, opening a door.

CUT TO:

INT. TASSONE'S FLAT - SAME

352

As the two figures enter, Jennings moving to the center of the darkened room; switching on a bare bulb, suspended from an overhead wire.

ANGLE ON THORN

A-352

under the harsh glare of light: sucking in his breath at what he sees.

THORN

(awed)

...He lived here?

JENNINGS

(a beat)

If you call it living.

ANGLE FROM HIS P.O.V. - SLOWLY PANNING THE ROOM

353

Bizarre. It is a small, bare, cubicle, the only furniture being a bed and a table -- the walls and ceilings covered everywhere with bits of torn and crumpled paper; crosses imbedded in them, all sizes, hung at all angles, everywhere.

ANGLE ON THORN

354

awed -- walking slowly to the wall; gazing at the peculiar "wallpaper."

JENNINGS

They're pages from the Bible.
Thousands of them -- Every inch
of wall space is covered with them
-- Even the windows.

ANGLE ON THORN

355

turning -- CAMERA FOLLOWING his GAZE to the window: Covered with papers.

CLOSE SHOT - WINDOW

A-355

Thorn's HAND PULLS BACK A PAGE OF BIBLE TO REVEAL A LARGE STARK CHURCH -- Thorn's hand replaces paper -- pushing it back on to window.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

356

raising his foot, and with it, slamming the door.

ANGLE ON THORN

A-356

jolted; turning.

ANGLE ON THE CLOSED DOOR

357

A crazy quilt of crosses: all sizes and shapes, nailed to it at all angles.

JENNINGS

There are forty-seven. I counted them.

ANGLE ON THORN

A-357

finding Jennings' eyes -- totally mystified.

JENNINGS

I'd say he was trying to keep something out, wouldn't you?

THORN

He was...crazy...

JENNINGS

(direct)

Was he, Mr. Thorn?

ANGLE ON THORN

B-357

stopped; Jennings gazing directly into his eyes.

JENNINGS

That's what the police thought, too.
That's why they let me rummage around here and take what I wanted.

He holds up a folder he's been carrying under his arm, and unceremoniously dumps its contents onto the table.

ANGLE ON THE TABLE

C-357

showing a collection of newspaper clippings, photographs, and a small, tattered black book...Jennings' HAND reaching in and taking the book.

ANGLE ON THORN

D-357

watching him; fearful.

JENNINGS

The first item is a diary. It doesn't tell about him, it tells about you. When you left the house, where you went, what restaurants you had lunch in, where your speaking engagements were...

THORN

...May I see it?

JENNINGS

(handing it over)

...The last notation says you were scheduled to meet with him. In Bishop's Park. That's dated the same day he died.

CLOSE ON THORN

E-357

squinting beneath the harsh light as he scans the diary.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

358

producing two more items.

JENNINGS

But the really important items are here. If we're ever going to figure this out, here's where we start.

He hands them to Thorn, coming close to gaze over his shoulder.

JENNINGS

The first is a clipping from Astrologers Monthly: a report of an... 'unusual phenomenon.' A comet that took the shape of a glowing star, like the Star of Bethlehem, two thousand years ago.

ANGLE ON THORN

359

studying the article, perspiration forming on his upper lip.

JENNINGS

Only this one happened on the other side of the world...the European Continent...just five years ago. June sixth, to be exact.

(pause)

Does that date ring a bell?

THORN

(hoarse)

...Yes.

JENNINGS

Then you'll recognize the second clipping. It's a birth announcement from a newspaper in Rome.

THORN'S P.O.V.

A-359

of the second clipping: in Italian.

JENNINGS

That was also June sixth, five years ago. The night your son was born.

(a beat)

Sixth month, sixth day...

ANGLE ON THORN

B-359

stunned...his hands shaking as he puts the clippings down.

JENNINGS

...Was your son born at six a.m.?

ANGLE ON THORN

C-359

turning to him: distraught.

JENNINGS

I'm trying to figure out the
birthmark. The three sixes.

THORN

(bursting)

My son is dead. I don't know
whose son I'm raising.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

360

gazing long at Thorn: Thorn averting his eyes.

JENNINGS

If you wouldn't mind, Mr. Thorn...
I'd like to help you find out.

THORN

(struggling to speak)

No. This is my problem.

CLOSE ON JENNINGS

361

lowering his gaze to the table where there remains a final
item. A photograph brought from his darkroom.

JENNINGS

(saddened)

You're wrong, sir. It's my
problem, too.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

362

slowly lifting the photograph: holding it up to the light.

JENNINGS

(with difficulty)

When I came into this room with the
police, I snapped a picture...
Happened to catch my own reflection
in that small mirror there, over by
the door.

ANGLE ON THORN

363

gazing upward, his eyes registering shock.

JENNINGS

Rather unusual effect, don't you
think?

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

364

gazing at the photo.

THEIR P.O.V. - THE PHOTO

365

showing, in a far corner, Jennings, from the bust up, framed in a wall mirror -- CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMING IN TO REVEAL his neck is missing: the head separated from the body.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

366

Thorn at her bedside: gripped with emotion.

THORN

...Just for a few days. I'll be back as soon as I can.

KATHY

(upset)

Oh, Robert...

THORN

I'm sorry...I can't avoid it.

KATHY

...I'm frightened.

THORN

You'll be safe here. And if you need anything, my assistant Tom Portman is just a phone call away.

ANGLE ON KATHY

367

fighting tears.

THORN

I'll leave his number...

KATHY

What about Damien?

THORN

(a pause)

I'll speak to the Hortons... make sure he's provided for.

CLOSE ON KATHY

A-367

CUT TO:

INT. THORN'S HOUSE - DAY

368

as Thorn moves quickly through, a look of concern on his face.

THORN

(calling)

Mrs. Horton? Mrs. Horton?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - SAME - ANGLE ON MRS. BAYLOCK

369

working over a sink -- as a door swings open; Thorn entering.

THORN

(surprised to see
her there)

Where's Mrs. Horton?

MRS. BAYLOCK

Gone.

Cont.

THORN
Gone out?

MRS. BAYLOCK
Gone. They just up and quit...left
an address for you to send their last
month's wages.

THORN
(shocked)
Did she say why? Or did Horton say
anything?

MRS. BAYLOCK
No, but no matter, sir. I can carry on.

ANGLE ON THORN

gazing at her -- she returning a reassuring smile.

THORN
I'll replace them when I return.

MRS. BAYLOCK
Yes, sir. Whatever you say.
He starts to leave; turning back to her once more.

THORN
And, Mrs. Baylock...?

MRS. BAYLOCK
Sir?

THORN
Last night I saw that dog here.
I clearly told you...

MRS. BAYLOCK
He's gone now, sir. They come just
this morning and took him away.

ANGLE ON THORN

holding eye contact with her for just a beat, before nodding,
turning -- and striding out of the room.

CUT TO:
EXT. LONDON AIRPORT - CLOSE ON JETS FIRING - DAY 372
as a small private Jet taxis through the fog past a control
tower: CAMERA MOVING IN on the TOWER.

DISPATCHER
(o.s., filtered)
PLJ724 cleared for takeoff, destination
Rome...

CUT TO:
INT. AIRPLANE - ANGLE ON THORN - SAME 373
expressionless -- CAMERA PANNING TO REVEAL Jennings beside
him, opening a briefcase, arranging some books and papers.

JENNINGS
All right...let's start at the beginning.
Tell me everything you can.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPLANE

374

soaring through a storm-laden sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - ANGLE ON THORN AND JENNINGS -
LATER

375

THORN

...Something about...Rising from
the sea...Death and armies...
Holy Roman Empire. It was a poem...
I didn't really listen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

376

Jennings surrounded by books and notepaper, jotting furiously
as Thorn speaks. Airplane going through slight turbulence.

THORN

He kept begging me to take Communion...
and to see...I can't remember the name.
An old man, he said. Uh...Meggido.
No, that was the town.

JENNINGS

(struggling with a
map)
Meggido?

THORN

Heard of it?

JENNINGS

(a pencil in his mouth)
Just checking to see if it's in
Italy.

OUT 377-
A-377

CUT TO:

INT. CAB

378

lumbering through heavy rain in downtown Rome: Thorn
sitting silent, gazing distantly out the window as Jennings
reads aloud:

JENNINGS

'...and unto this earth comes the
Savage Messiah; the offspring of
Satan in human form...sired by the
rape of a four-legged beast.'

THORN'S P.O.V.

379

at passing statuary:

JENNINGS

(o.s.)

'...As young Christ spread love...
so the Anti-Christ will spread fear...
receiving His powers directly from
Hell.'

ANGLE ON THORN

380

without expression.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - ANGLE ON A NEW, MODERN HOSPITAL -
AFTERNOON

381

as the cab pulls up, and comes to a stop. A distinctive
statue is near the entrance (as Scene 6).

ANGLE ON THE CAB

382

as Thorn gazes out the window; his face registering confusion.

ANGLE INSIDE THE CAB

383

THORN

This isn't it.

CAB DRIVER

(thickly accented)

Ospidale dei Cappucini.

THORN

This isn't it.

CAB DRIVER

(insistent)

Si. Ospidale dei Cappucini.

THORN

(speaks to the Driver
in perfect Italian)

No, it was old. Brick. I remember.

JENNINGS

(glancing at a piece
of paper)

It's the right address, all right.

CAB DRIVER

(suddenly realizing)

Ah, ci fu un incendio anni fa.

THORN
(in Italian)
What happened?

CAB DRIVER
Ci fu un terribile incendio durante il
quale il vecchio ospedale fu distrutto.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS AND THORN

384

exchanging a glance.

THORN
Apparently there was a terrible fire.
The old hospital burned down.

CAB DRIVER
(a nod)
5 anni fa ci furono.

THORN
5 years ago. Multi morte...much
death.

ANGLE ON THORN

385

distressed.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - ANGLE ON THORN

386

upset: haranguing an elderly NUN.

THORN
Surely the fire didn't destroy
everything. There must be some
records...

NUN
(in accent)
I'm sorry. As far as I know
everything was destroyed...

THORN
Is it possible that some of the
papers were stored elsewhere?

NUN
I don't know.

THORN
(distressed)
Look, this is very important to me.
I adopted a child here, and I'm
looking for some record of its...

NUN

There were no adoptions here.

THORN

There was one. It wasn't an actual adoption.

NUN

You are mistaken...

THORN

Wait. Birth records. If I gave you a date, maybe just...

JENNINGS

(o.s.)

It's no use.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

387

approaching, sighing heavily as he leans against a wall.

JENNINGS

The fire started in the Hall of Records. In the basement. All the paperwork was there, it went up like a torch...shot up the stairwells...the third floor became an inferno.

THORN

...The third floor...?

JENNINGS

(a nod)

Nursery and maternity ward. Nothing left but ashes.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS AND THORN

388

standing in silent despair.

NUN

If you'll excuse me...

THORN

(stopping her)

What about the staff? Surely some survived.

NUN

Yes. Some.

Cont.

THORN

(renewed)

There was a tall man...a Priest.
A giant of a man.

NUN

Was his name...uh...
(works at remembering)
Fr. Spiletto?

THORN

(excited)

Yes. I think so.

NUN

He was the chief of staff.

THORN

Yes. He was in charge. Did he...

NUN

He lived.

THORN

(elated)

Is he here?

NUN

No.

THORN

...Where...

NUN

(again with difficulty)

A monastery in...Subiaco. Many of
the survivors were taken there.
Many died. He might have died,
since. But he lived through the
fire. I remember, they said it
was a miracle.

JENNINGS

Subiaco.

NUN

(a nod)

San Dominico.

ANGLE ON THORN

excited.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

390

Heavy rain: a car moving fast through the Italian countryside.

INT. CAR - ANGLE ON THORN DRIVING AND JENNINGS
NEXT TO HIM

391

Jennings still at work, poring over books and road maps.

JENNINGS

(to himself)

I'll be damned...Here we go.

THORN

What is it?

JENNINGS

It's right here in the Bible.
Book of Revelations. When the
Jews return to Zion...

THORN

That was it. The poem. When the
Jews return to Zion. Then something
about a comet...

JENNINGS

(pointing)

That's here, too. A shower of
stars, and the rise of the Roman
Empire. These are supposed to be
the events that signal the birth
of the Anti-Christ. The Devil's
own child.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE CAFE

392

Thorn and Jennings eating sandwiches at a small table:
Jennings talking with his mouth full while Thorn gives him
his full attention.

JENNINGS

The Jews have returned to Zion, and
there has been a comet...

(reaching for a book)

...and as for the rise of the Roman
Empire, scholars think that could
well be interpreted as the formation
of the Common Market.

THORN

(dubious)

Bit of a stretch...

JENNINGS

(opening the book)

Then how 'bout this? Revelations
says 'He will come forth from the
eternal sea...'

THORN

That's the poem again.

(recalling)

'From the Eternal Sea he rises...
with armies on either shore...'
That's how it began.

JENNINGS

And theologians have already
interpreted the Eternal Sea as
meaning the world of politics.
The Sea that constantly rages with
turmoil and revolution.

ANGLE ON THORN

393

stopped --

THORN

So the devil's child...will rise
from the world of politics...

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LONG SHOT - CAR

394

speeding toward darker clouds and storms.

CUT TO:

EXT. A MONASTERY - DAY

395

Large and imposing, in a state of semi-decay; but retaining
its strength and dignity even though the elements are slowly
reclaiming it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

396

Examining its stark, Gothic quality against a dark-clouded
evening sky; as we begin to HEAR the distant and ECHOING
SOUND of religious PRAYER coming from within: a chorus so
ethereal that it seems to rise from the very vaults of
history.

VARIOUS ANGLES

397-
401

The structure, within and without. No sign of life
or movement: its corridors and caverns empty.

ANGLE ON A DISTANT ROAD

402

as the small car slows at the closest point and stops.

ANGLE INSIDE THE CAR - REVEALING THORN

403

driving, his eyes heavy with fatigue -- CAMERA PANNING to the passenger seat to REVEAL Jennings, asleep.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

404

stirring: Thorn rolling down his window and gazing across the landscape.

HIS P.O.V. - THE DISTANT MONASTERY

405

silhouetted against the stormy evening sky.

THORN

(o.s.)

We can't get any closer than this.

JENNINGS

(o.s.)

They apparently enjoy their solitude.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - SAME - ANGLE ON THORN AND JENNINGS

406

crossing a field of tall grass; breathing hard, their pants legs soaked to the thigh: Jennings pausing to snap photographs with his camera.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THEM

407

distant as they slowly progress -- the SOUND of PRAYER beginning to permeate the atmosphere around them.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONASTERY STEPS - SAME

408

As they arrive: panting; pausing for a moment in an attempt to regain their breath.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONASTERY ENTRANCEWAY

409

as Thorn and Jennings enter: gazing around at the emptiness -- attempting to trace the source of the chant.

CUT TO:

INT. MONASTERY CHURCH

410

A huge and ancient room, truly a place of worship: stone steps leading to a spacious altar on which stands a huge wooden crucifix, the figure of Christ upon it, chiseled from stone -- block walls, sixty feet high, laced with vine-roots that join at the center of a domed ceiling, open at the very top to emit a shaft of light that illuminates the crucifix.

Within this chamber, a group of hooded monks pray: their heads bowed so that nothing can be seen of them save sackcloth as their CHANT CONTINUES, seeming to constantly renew itself each time it begins to fade.

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS the church -- COMING TO REST CLOSE ON the face of Thorn, standing beneath an archway -- his face immobilized with awe.

CAMERA PANS TO JENNINGS: equally impressed, trying to get a light reading in the darkened chamber.

ANGLE ON THORN

411

His eyes wandering; suddenly stopping. Riveted in place.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

412

noticing Thorn's expression and following his gaze.

HIS P.O.V.

413

PANNING a row of praying monks: HOLDING ON the figure of one at the end of the row. Unlike the others, he is seated upright, stiff, in a wheelchair.

CAMERA ZOOMING IN TO REVEAL it is Spiletto: but only barely resembling him -- the right half of his face literally melted by fire. CAMERA PANS to his hand protruding from the cloth sleeve, REVEALING that it, too, is only a smooth stump.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

414

turning to Thorn.

JENNINGS

Found him?

ANGLE ON THORN

415

without expression, nodding.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONASTERY COURTYARD - NEAR DARK

416

CLOSE ON the face of Father Spiletto; his right eye opaque and clouded, staring blindly upward.

MONK

We don't know if he can see or hear. Since the fire he's not made a sound.

ANOTHER ANGLE

417

REVEALING they are in a garden; once beautiful, now littered with broken statuary. A BENEDICTINE MONK behind Spiletto's wheelchair is talking to Thorn and Jennings.

ANGLE ON THORN

418

gazing at the Monk with despair.

MONK

He is fed and cared for by the brothers....And we pray for his recovery when his penance is completed.

THORN

(with interest)

... 'Penance'?

ANGLE ON THE MONK

419

gazing sympathetically at the stiffened figure of Spiletto.

MONK

'Woe to the Shepherd who abandons his sheep. May his right arm wither and his right eye lose its sight.'

ANGLE ON THORN AND JENNINGS

420

exchanging a glance.

THORN

...He's fallen from grace?

MONK

Yes.

THORN

May I ask why?

MONK

For abandoning Christ.

ANGLE ON THORN

421

Confused.

JENNINGS

How do you know he's abandoned Christ?

MONK

(simply)

Confession.

JENNINGS

But he doesn't speak.

MONK

Written confession. He has some movement in his left hand.

CUT TO:

INT. SPILETTTO'S CUBICLE

422

CLOSE ON a scrawled, childlike drawing. It is a stick figure, surrounded by three "6's".

MONK

(o.s.)

You'll notice the curved line over the head. This indicates the hood of the monk. His own hood.

WIDE ANGLE REVEALING THORN AND JENNINGS

423

bending over a stone table, studying the drawing: the Monk with Spiletto in a far corner of the room.

THORN

Three sixes...

MONK

Six is the sign of the Devil.

JENNINGS

Why three of them?

MONK

We believe it signifies the Diabolical Trinity. The Devil, Anti-Christ, and False Prophet.

JENNINGS

(thinking aloud)

...Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, eh?

MONK

For everything Holy...there is something unholy. This is the essence of temptation.

ANGLE ON THORN

424

gazing at Spiletto: crossing in front of him, looking directly into his eyes.

THORN

(loud)

Father Spiletto...My name is Thorn.

ANGLE ON THE MONK

425

apprehensive.

ANGLE ON SPILETTA'S DEADENED FACE

426

-- staring mutely upward.

THORN

(slow, deliberate)

Father Spiletto...There was a child. I want to know where it's from.

There follows a prolonged silence.

MONK

I'm afraid it's no use...

THORN

(to Spiletto)

You confessed to them...now confess to me. I want to know where that child is from.

MONK

Please, sir...

THORN

You said you knew its mother?
Where is she now!?

MONK

I must insist...

THORN

(voice rising)

Father Spiletto I beg you...Where is she?! Who was she?! Please...
Answer me, now.

And suddenly they are jarred: by the PEALING OF BELLS: incredibly loud, REVERBERATING everywhere throughout the empty halls --

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

427

gazing down at the Priest: CAMERA PANNING to Spiletto's left hand...beginning to shake, and slowly rise.

82
 ANGLE ON THORN 428
 watching, his eyes widen.
 ANGLE ON THE MONK 429
 placing a piece of coal in Spiletto's hand and carefully
 wrapping his fingers around it.
 UP SHOT - THE BELL TOWER 430
 as the giant BELLS loudly PEAL.
 ANGLE INSIDE THE MONASTERY CHURCH 431
 as the monks pray, rocking now with the rhythm of the bells...
 CLOSE ON SPILETTTO'S DEADENED EYES 432
 PANNING DOWN to his hand clutching the piece of charcoal,
 jerking in stiff movements across the stone table.
 ANGLE ON THORN 433
 watching, his face bathed in sweat.
 ANGLE ON SPILETTTO'S HAND 434
 revealing the formation of the word C-E-R-V-E-T...the hand
 withdrawing from the table.
 ANGLE ON THE BELLS 435
 stopping, going quiet.
 ANGLE ON THORN 436
 in the sudden silence: his mouth gaping...
 ANGLE ON SPILETTTO 437
 finished: his head mutely back: eyes staring upward.
 ANGLE ON JENNINGS 438
 ANGLE ON THE MONK 439
 all stunned by the sudden silence.

THORN
 ...Cervet?...

JENNINGS
 Cervet...

THORN
 (to the Monk)
 Is that...Italian?

ANGLE ON THE MONK

440

deeply upset.

THORN

Please. Does it mean something
to you?

MONK

(tight)

Cerveteri.

ANGLE ON THORN AND JENNINGS

441

waiting for more.

MONK

It is an old cemetery -- from
Etruscan times -- Grippe de Sant' Angelo --

CLOSE ON THE STIFFENED FACE OF SPILETTA

442

MONK

It is nothing but ruins. The
remains of the shrine of Techulca.

JENNINGS

...Techulca...?

MONK

The Etruscan devil-god.

THORN

Where is this place?

MONK

There is nothing there, sir...
except graves...and a few wild
hogs...

THORN

(insistent)

Where is it?

MONK

(reluctant)

You'll find it on the map. It's
perhaps fifty kilometers north of
Rome.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

443

as the car passes by --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MONTAGE - GRAVEYARD OF GRIPPE DE SANT'ANGELO 444
 - END OF DAY - LIGHT FAST DIMINISHING

A teeming rain all but obliterating it from view as car headlights swing slowly by, REVEALING the imposing spiked iron fencing that surrounds it.

ANGLE ON THE CAR 445

pulling off the road; lumbering to a stop.

INT. THE CAR 446

Jennings behind the wheel; realizes he has found the graveyard. Turns to tell Thorn and sees that he is asleep.

Jennings sits -- mutely listening to the intense rainstorm -- playing like a drum roll on the metal top of the car.

OUT 447-
448

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE CAR 449

as one of its doors slowly opens: Jennings pulling on a raincoat over his car coat -- staggering to a nearby stand of bushes to urinate.

CLOSE ON JENNINGS 450

blinking his eyes; trying to become accustomed to the surroundings.

HIS P.O.V. - SCANNING THE RUINS 451

Making out that the tombstones are elaborate; the remains of ornate figures and gargoyle-like faces.

ANGLE ON THE CAR 452

as Jennings crosses back and observes Thorn still asleep.

ANGLE WITHIN THE TRUNK 453

as we REVEAL Jennings, lifting out his cameras and putting them around his neck. He reacts to the beginning of night noises as he is about to close the trunk -- thinks better of it and scrounges around until he finds a tire iron which he places in his raincoat pocket.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE GRAVEYARD 454

as we HEAR the TRUNK LID THUNK SHUT...and SEE Jennings' figure in the distance, approaching a spiked iron fence.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

455

securing his equipment and, with considerable effort, scaling the spiked fence with the aid of a nearby tree.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON JENNINGS

456

as he hits the ground: and instantly we begin to HEAR the ancient CHANT again, the SOUND of the "OHHHMMM."

ANOTHER ANGLE

457

Jennings SEEN through tombstones, getting to his feet. PANNING with him, as though he were being observed, as he moves slowly through the statuary.

HIS P.O.V.

458

Dwelling on the unsettling details of certain statuary as he passes; an archangel with half of its stone face eaten away, crosses tilted and broken, headstones half sunk into the mud.

ANGLE ON A CRYPT

459

that looks like it's been broken into: rats moving silently in and out.

CLOSE ON JENNINGS' FACE

460

sweating as he moves through thick growth -- his eyes beginning to move in a manner that suggests he is becoming uneasy.

ANOTHER ANGLE

461

as his eyes move slowly upward, and he suddenly stops: riveted to the spot.

SNAP ZOOM INTO THE FACE OF A TOWERING STONE IDOL

462

The face of Techulca the Devil-God: a deeply furrowed forehead and bulbous nose, a gaping fleshy mouth and a goatee...staring down at the figure beneath it.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

463

gripped by the statue's stare -- managing to slowly raise his camera -- and snap three times with flashbulbs.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAR

464

as Thorn stirs; his eyes opening, looking for Jennings.

EXT. THE CAR

465

as the door opens, Thorn stepping out and pulling on his raincoat, sighting the graveyard, and moving slowly toward it and calling out:

THORN

Jennings.

HIS P.O.V.

466

as the graveyard moves forward on US: only statuary in VIEW, illuminated now by the last rays of -- DAY.

ANGLE ON THORN

467

struggling at the spiked fence: getting a foothold, but slipping, his pant leg ripping open as he falls forward into brush.

LONG SHOT - THORN SEEN THROUGH THE TOMBSTONES

468

as he regains his feet, limping slightly as he begins to move forward.

CLOSE ON HIS FACE

469

splattered with mud; apprehensive as he moves through.

ANGLE ON HIM

470

through the statuary, PANNING with him, as though he is being observed.

ANGLE ON THORN'S FACE

471

as he slows, his body stiffening...at a SOUND...coming closer...from ahead.

HIS P.O.V. - CRUCIFIX

472

planted upside down -- the SOUND coming from behind it.

ANGLE ON THORN

473

stopped -- eyes widening.

ANGLE ON SOME BUSHES

474

exploding with movement as Jennings crashes through; breathless, the tire iron in his hand.

ANGLE ON THORN

475

shaken.

JENNINGS

(panting)

...Come with me.

He turns, Thorn following -- and as they disappear FROM VIEW:
the CHANT BEGINNING again.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF GRAVES

476

unlike the others in that they are recent: one full-sized,
the other small; the headstones unadorned, containing only
names and dates.

JENNINGS

(o.s.)

See the dates? June sixth. Five
years ago. A mother and child.

ANGLE ON THORN

477

gazing down at the graves.

JENNINGS

They're the only recent ones in the
whole place. The others are so old
you can't even read them.

ANGLE ON THORN

478

His face etched with sadness as he kneels, wiping dirt away
from the stones.

THORN

Maria Avedici Santoya...
(gaze shifts to the
small one)
...Bambini Santoya...
(reading)
'Ce como muerte condiva trueste.'

JENNINGS

It's Latin.

THORN

...Yes.

JENNINGS

...In death...and birth...generations
embrace.

(pause)

Quite a find, I'd say.

He turns to Thorn; surprised to find that he is near tears.

THORN

(struggling to speak)

This is it. I know it. My child
is buried here.

JENNINGS

And likely the woman who gave birth
to the one you're raising.

ANGLE ON THORN

479

looking up: gazing around.

THORN

Why here?...This terrible place?

JENNINGS

Only one way to find out.

ANGLE ON THORN

480

gazing at Jennings as he raises the tire iron, forcefully plunging it into the dirt, where it stops shallow, with a THUNK.

JENNINGS

Easy enough. It's only a foot under.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

A-480

Tire iron starting to scrape away dirt: Thorn assisting with a fragment of broken statuary.

LONG SHOT - THROUGH THE GRAVESITES ON THORN AND JENNINGS B-480

exerting all their energy as they silently dig.

OUT 481

CLOSE ON THORN AND JENNINGS

482

covered with dirt and perspiration -- PANNING DOWN to the gravesites where they are clearing the dirt to reveal two cement covers. Sitting back, they assess them, both breathing hard.

JENNINGS

(indicating)

Smell it?

THORN

Yes.

JENNINGS

Must have been a hasty job. Not exactly up to health standards.

ANGLE ON THORN

A-482

upset.

JENNINGS

Which one first?

Cont.

THORN
Do we need to do this?

JENNINGS
Yes.

THORN
It seems wrong.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

B-482

gazing hard at him.

JENNINGS
Don't back down now. If you walk away, you'll never know.

ANGLE ON THORN

C-482

tortured.

JENNINGS
Let's go, then. Take the big one first.

After a pause, Thorn reluctantly nods -- Jennings picking up the tire iron and wedging it in the cement lid. Again, we HEAR the SOUND of the OHMMMM.

OUT 483

LONG SHOT - THE MEN

484

as with the heavy breath and grunts of exertion, they struggle to raise the cement lid.

CLOSE ON THORN'S FACE

485

straining, with every ounce of energy.

CLOSE ON THE STONE FACE OF TECHULCA

486

gazing down at them.

CLOSE ON JENNINGS

487

moaning as he lifts.

ANOTHER ANGLE

488

as with sheer brute force, the lid opens.

ANGLE ON THORN AND JENNINGS

489

as, while holding open the cement with the full force of their strength, they gaze downward into the chamber.

THEIR P.O.V.

490

ZOOMING IN to the decayed carcass of a JACKAL.

ANGLE ON THORN

491

his mouth flying open into a cry of terror: the cement slipping from their grips and crashing downward, breaking to pieces and falling into the hole.

JENNINGS

(breathless)

Let's go.

THORN

(gasping)

No. The other one.

JENNINGS

(upset)

What for? We've seen what we need!

THORN

(desperate)

No, the other one...Maybe it's an animal, too!

Cont.

JENNINGS

So what?!

THORN

Then maybe my child's alive somewhere!

After a pause, Jennings nods, quickly scraping earth from the smaller grave, and jamming the tire iron into the cement cover; pausing to look at Thorn.

ANGLE ON THORN

492

nodding; Jennings exerting leverage and easily prying the small cover up -- lifting it off with his hands.

ANGLE ON THORN

493

gazing down: his face suddenly contorting with grief.

HIS P.O.V.

494

INTO the small casket -- REVEALING the remains of a human child -- CAMERA ZOOMING IN TO REVEAL that its skull was smashed to pieces.

THORN

Its head...

JENNINGS

...God...

THORN

(in anguish)

They killed it.

JENNINGS

Let's get out of here.

THORN

(grief-stricken)

They murdered my son.

The lid falls open: the two men on their knees gazing at each other in horror.

THORN

They murdered him! They killed my son.

The rain subsides and an unearthly silence settles on them -- broken by the sound of an ungodly growl.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS AND THORN

495

turning fast towards the direction of the sound, and suddenly freezing -- CAMERA FOLLOWING their gaze to REVEAL, dead ahead

of them, a black dog: eyes close-set and glinting -- saliva dripping from its half-opened mouth -- a vicious growl issuing from deep inside.

ANGLE ON THORN AND JENNINGS

496

both reacting to the dog and frightening silence as the wind starts up.

ANGLE ON THE DOG

497

its demented eyes flashing -- CAMERA PANNING to the foliage beside it -- as another dog's head appears, its muzzle scarred and dripping -- CAMERA CONTINUING TO PAN as the heads of other dogs appear: insane and ravenous -- a pack of eight materializing from the foliage -- their mouths salivating in a continual drool.

ANGLE ON THORN AND JENNINGS

498

frozen.

JENNINGS

(without moving)

-- They smell the carcasses --
just -- move -- back.

And as if in slow motion, the two men rise -- barely breathing, and begin moving backward. Thorn hesitates and attempts to pull the cement slab over his child's grave.

ANGLE ON THE DOGS

499

-- beginning to move forward, heads held low, in stalking position --

JENNINGS

(grabbing Thorn)

Come on -- Don't run -- they just
want -- the corpses --

He pulls him.

ANGLE ON THORN AND JENNINGS

500

moving slowly backwards.

ANGLE ON THE DOGS

501

ignoring the open graves -- passing them -- continuing to move toward the men.

ANGLE ON BOTH MEN

502

white with fear, moving slowly backwards -- the dogs continuing to advance --

ANGLE ON THORN

A-502

as he is backing and "feels" something behind him -- Turning, he sees another dog behind him.

ANGLE ON THORN AND JENNINGS

B-502

as Jennings sees same dog. They realize they are surrounded.

ANOTHER ANGLE

C-502

Suddenly, with a loud war cry, Jennings throws his tire iron at the dog blocking their escape to the car. There is a sudden explosion of movement; the animals springing upon them as they turn and try to run.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

503

as several dogs lunge simultaneously for his neck -- his cameras protecting him for the moment, as he hits the ground, rolling over and over, the pack dancing around him, tearing at his clothes...

SWISH PANNING TO Thorn running toward the fence as a dog connects squarely with his back: hanging on by his teeth, front legs dangling in the air as Thorn attempts to continue -- finally falling to his hands and knees, trying to pull himself forward as the others surround him.

THORN'S P.O.V. - TEETH FLASHING

504

saliva spewing into the air...

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

505

crying out as dogs snap at his face, still trying to get to his neck.

ANGLE ON THORN

506

rolling into a ball: the black dog still hanging fiercely onto his back...PANNING to Thorn's hand, as it comes across the tire iron and he raises it, jamming it downward in the direction of the dog behind him...

ANGLE ON THE TIRE IRON

507

smashing the dog's head: a spray of blood gushing upward as the animal screams in agony...

SWISH PANNING TO Jennings pulling himself into a corner, the animals tearing at him, accidentally triggering his flashbulb as he goes...

ANGLE ON THE DOGS

508

suddenly cowering in the blinding flash.

ANGLE ON THORN

509

back on his feet, swinging wildly with the tire iron, connecting here and there as he backs toward the fence...

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

510

running from his corner...the flash apparatus held in front of him: flashing each time the dogs advance, until he too is at the fence...holding them off...Thorn already climbing over.

ANGLE ON THORN

511

slipping and falling hard: impaled through the armpit by one of the rested spikes: crying out in pain.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

512

setting down his flash attachment and triggering it remote as he gets a foothold and pulls himself upward.

ANGLE ON THORN

513

crying out as he falls to the ground on the other side -- Jennings crashing down beside him; both staggering to their feet and running hard --

ANGLE ON THE DOGS

514

going wild: banging into the fence attempting to leap over it -- one of them almost making it, but becoming impaled; kicking into mid-air, howling with rage.

ANGLE ON THORN AND JENNINGS

515

making it to the car.

ANGLE INSIDE THE CAR

516

as it speeds away; the two men in shock: tangled masses of blood, and ripped clothing.

ANGLE ON THE DOGS

517

in a frenzy -- banging into the fence: the dying one howling with rage.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - ROME - NIGHT

518

Jennings SEEN talking to a CONCIERGE at the check-in desk of a small hotel: both turning and gazing toward the street.

THEIR P.O.V. - THE CAR

519

parked at the curb: the badly bruised face of Thorn SEEN within.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

520

Thorn holding a bloodied towel to one shoulder and bandaging it as he cradles the phone with the other: Jennings' neck bandaged, pacing, in a state of near hysteria.

JENNINGS

They were after me, I tell you,
they kept going for my neck.

THORN

(shaken, into the
phone)

Yes, Operator...she's in room 614.

JENNINGS

(a sob)

My God, if I hadn't had these
cameras...

THORN

Would you interrupt please, this
is an emergency.

JENNINGS

(confronting him)

We've got to do something, Thorn.
Do you hear me?!

ANGLE ON THORN

521

intense.

THORN

Find the town of Meggido.

JENNINGS

How the hell am I going to find...

THORN

I don't know...! Use your
head -- Go to a church -- find
a priest!

(into the phone)

...Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - ANGLE ON KATHY - NIGHT 522

She is SITTING UP IN BED, the phone in hand.

KATHY

Hello? Robert, is that you?
Yes, I'm all right. Are you?
(surprised)
What?

CUT TO:

INT. THORN'S HOTEL ROOM

523

Thorn is on the phone.

THORN

I said I want you to leave London
right away.
(pause)
I've got a call in to Tom Portman...
he'll meet you at the hospital and
bring you here to Rome.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

524

Kathy is on the phone.

KATHY

(fearful)
What's happened? What's wrong?
(a pause)
I don't know if I can move very
well...
(a nod)
Yes. Of course, I'll try to be
dressed by the time he gets here.

CLOSE ON KATHY

525

hanging up the phone -- pausing, with a look of concern.

Kathy pondering for a moment, then, with effort, getting
out of bed and moving to a closet; opening its door.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GRAVEYARD OF GRIPPE DE SANT'ANGELO 526

Dark. Clouded over and misty; the atmosphere totally silent save for a distant, barely audible SOUND. It is the sound of an ANIMAL, DIGGING.

UP ANGLE ON THE STONE FACE OF TECHULCA 527

The Devil-God -- gazing down in an open-mouthed stare.

ANGLE ON THE TWO DESPOILED GRAVESITES 528

a dog at each, digging; refilling the open crypts.

ANGLE ON THE SKELETAL REMAINS OF JACKAL AND HUMAN CHILD 529

gradually being covered with dirt.

DOWN ANGLE - PAST THE HEAD OF TECHULCA 530

SHOWING the two graves -- and the dogs silently working to fill them.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. KATHY'S HOSPITAL ROOM 531

as Kathy, arm in cast, attempts, with growing frustration, to undo her gown...managing to pop the buttons...struggling now to pull it over her head.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GRAVEYARD - ANGLE ON THE TWO DOGS - SAME 532

mechanically digging -- their eyes maniacally narrowed -- as from behind them comes a soft and mournful wail. It is a dog baying; a lonely, haunting sound.

ANGLE ON THE DEAD DOG 533

hanging limp on the fence -- CAMERA SLOWLY MOVING to another dog, sitting before it; lifting its head to utter the low and MOURNFUL HOWL.

ANGLE ON THE TWO DOGS 534

digging -- as the atmosphere reverberates with the HOWL OF MOURNING: another VOICE joining the first, creating a cacophony of despair.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ON THE DEAD DOG

535

a spike protruding from its neck -- as now a third VOICE joins the mournful chorus -- then a fourth...

ANGLE ON TECHULCA

536

gazing down: as the air begins to ring.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. KATHY'S HOSPITAL ROOM

537

Kathy struggling within the small dressing closet, moaning with frustration and the seeds of panic as the dressing gown becomes snarled, twisting around her face and cast... the SOUND of a DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING HEARD in the room.

KATHY

...Hello? Is someone there?

SUBLIMINAL CUT TO:

THE GRAVEYARD - CLOSE ON THE DOGS

538

wailing: Their VOICES rising in RAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CLOSE ON KATHY'S FACE

539

ensnared in purple gossamer.

KATHY

...Tom? Is that you?

And peering around the door, she stops in open-mouthed fright.

HER P.O.V. - THROUGH A PURPLE HAZE

540

-- REVEALING the smiling face of Mrs. Baylock.

ANGLE ON KATHY

541

her eyes wide.

CUT TO:

THE GRAVEYARD

542

as the ungodly SHRIEKING reaches its apex.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE

543

as an ambulance screeches in, SIREN SCREAMING -- CAMERA SWISHING UPWARD TO REVEAL, high in a fifth-story window, the figure of a woman, a purple nightgown wrapped around her face, one arm in a cast, taking flight...

Leaping outward in SLOW MOTION into the air, and floating downward...arms flailing as she falls...CAMERA FOLLOWING her slow descent...as she finally crashes into the top of the ambulance, the metal crumpling beneath her weight, her body bouncing upward for a final flight before coming to rest...dead...in the emergency entrance driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. THORN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

544

Thorn alone, dressing his wound: pausing to check his watch, the PHONE RINGING, he grabbing it.

THORN

Hello?

(pause)

Who? Yes, this is he?

He sits.

THORN

Tom?

CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMING IN on Thorn: as he is told; his face contorting with anguish.

THORN

Katherine....!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - LATE NIGHT

545

All silent and dark as the hulking frame of Jennings climbs the stairs, opening the door to their room.

INT. THE ROOM

546

Dark: Thorn's body SEEN in bed...a still silhouette.

JENNINGS

Thorn?

THORN

(expressionless)

...Yes.

He closes the door, sitting heavily on one of the beds.

JENNINGS

(with fatigue)

I found out about the town of
Meggido.

ANGLE ON THORN

547

still failing to respond: blood showing through his shirt
around the armpit.

JENNINGS

It's derived from the word
'Armageddon.' The end of the
world.

ANGLE ON THORN

548

turning to him.

THORN

It doesn't exist?

JENNINGS

Yes, but it's underground. Sixty
miles south of Jerusalem. There's
an excavation going on there...some
American university.

THORN

(expressionless)

I want to go there.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

549

nodding -- emitting a long sigh.

JENNINGS

If you could only remember the
name...

THORN

Bugenhagen.

JENNINGS

Bugenhagen...?

THORN

(numbed)

I've remembered the poem, too.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

550

turning to Thorn.

JENNINGS

(incredulous)

The name of the man you're supposed
to see is Bugenhagen?

THORN

...Yes.

JENNINGS

...Bugenhagen was a 17th century
exorcist. He was mentioned in one
of the books I read.

ANGLE ON THORN

551

expressionless.

THORN

That was the name...I've remembered
it all.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

552

sitting back against his pillows: gazing into the darkness.

THORN

(slow, without expression)

'When the Jews return to Zion...
And a comet fills the sky,
And the Holy Roman Empire rises,
Then you and I must die...'

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

553

numbed with exhaustion: listening.

THORN

'...From the Eternal Sea he rises
Creating armies on either shore;
Turning man against his brother...
Till man exists no more.'

There passes a long silence; both men, SEEN only in
silhouette, immobile.

THORN

Kathy's dead.

CLOSE ON JENNINGS

554

jolted.

THORN

I want the child to die, too.

EXT. THE STREETS OF JERUSALEM - DAY

555

Filled with NOISE and MOVEMENT -- Thorn and Jennings SEEN pushing slowly through, stopping to ask questions of people in doorways.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EXCAVATION SITE - ANGLES ON STUDENTS - DAY

556-
560

They are digging into the earth, sifting, working --
CAMERA FINDING Thorn and Jennings talking to a MAN who seems to be IN CHARGE: shaking his head...

MAN IN CHARGE

(barely audible over
digging machinery)

...It's all underground. This is
just a small part of it. They say
King Solomon's Quarries were sixty
miles long...so you can see we got
our work cut out for us.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

A-560

leaning in to question him: inaudible.

MAN IN CHARGE

...Who?

Jennings repeats.

MAN IN CHARGE

...No, never heard of him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARKET PLACE - ANGLE ON THORN

561

looking pale and weak -- his lips dry as he attempts to be heard over the DIN -- shouting into the ear of an old man who returns an empty stare and slowly shakes his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR DYEING FACTORY - ANGLE ON JENNINGS

562

sweating hard, gesturing as he talks to a group of elderly women -- some ignoring him -- others merely shaking their heads.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP - DAY

563

Thorn and Jennings gazing out across the city with despair:
Jennings glancing at the wound on Thorn's arm.

JENNINGS

That arm doesn't look good to me.

THORN

It's all right.

JENNINGS

Let me find a doctor.

THORN

Just find that old man. He's the
only one I want to find.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

564

shaking his head with dismay -- as they are interrupted by
the quiet appearance of an old ARAB MAN.

ANGLE ON ARAB

565

Small, ancient.

JENNINGS

Yes?

ARAB

You look for the old man?

JENNINGS

(guarded)

What old man?

ARAB

(a smile)

I take you.

ANGLE ON THORN

566

raising himself, with effort, on one arm.

ARAB

Hurry-hurry. He say you come
right away.

CUT TO:

EXT. JERUSALEM - DAY

567

The figures of the three men: moving silently through back
streets, the Arab leading the way.

CUT TO:

SEVERAL LOCATIONS

568-
572

as they move quickly and quietly down winding
alleys and narrow archways...

CUT TO:

EXT. A NARROW ALLEY - DEAD END

573

as the Arab moves to its dead end, a stone wall, and stops:
his mouth turning into a Cheshire-grin.

ANGLE ON THORN AND JENNINGS

574

slowing to a stop: keeping their distance as they gaze at
the man, exchanging a glance of apprehension.

ANGLE ON THE ARAB

575

reaching to the ground and lifting a grating beside the wall:
gesturing for the men to climb in.

JENNINGS

What the hell is this?

CLOSE ON THE ARAB

576

smiling.

ARAB

Hurry -- hurry. He say come fast.

He gives them his flashlight.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE

577

A slippery staircase made of rough stone -- Thorn and
Jennings stumbling, their FOOTSTEPS ECHOING...as they follow
the flashlight beam.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE - CORRIDOR

578

Thorn and Jennings still following the beam -- through a
cavern...as an area of light is SEEN ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. BUGENHAGEN'S WORK ROOM - CLOSE ON THORN

579

entering: his eyes squinting with the sudden onslaught of
light.

BUGENHAGEN

(accented)

Hello.

ANGLE ON ELDERLY MAN

580

His face serious and drawn, his thin body garbed in khaki shorts and short-sleeved shirt, much in the tradition of the archeologist, his clothing thick with sweat; rising from behind a long wooden table stacked with scrolls...the rock walls of the room around him lighted with dozens of oil lamps: the walls themselves contoured, representing the rough shapes of buildings and stairways.

BUGENHAGEN

(curt)

Sit down.

ANGLE ON THORN AND JENNINGS

581

gazing around.

ARAB

Two hundred drachma.

BUGENHAGEN

Can you pay him?

THORN

Are you...?

BUGENHAGEN

Yes.

JENNINGS

(incredulous)

You're Bugenhagen?

BUGENHAGEN

I said yes.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

582

incredulous.

JENNINGS

...The seventeenth-century exorcist?

BUGENHAGEN

Of course not.

JENNINGS

(stopped)

I thought...

BUGENHAGEN

That was nine generations ago.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

583

embarrassed.

JENNINGS

So you're...

BUGENHAGEN

The last.

(pause)

And the least.

ANGLE ON BUGENHAGEN

584

His face taut, bitter.

THORN

What is this place?

BUGENHAGEN

My fortress...my prison. City of
Jezreel, town of Meggido. The
place where Christianity began.

ANGLE ON THORN

585

dubious.

THORN

...Your 'prison'...?

BUGENHAGEN

Geographically, this is the heart
of Christianity. So long as I
remain within, nothing can touch
me.

(a pause)

Can you pay my runner please?

Thorn pays the Arab; the man quickly disappearing; the three
left confronting each other in silence.

BUGENHAGEN

(gesturing)

In this village square Roman armies
once marched...and old men sat on
stone benches whispering rumors of
the birth of Christ. The stories
they told were recorded here...

(pointing)

...in that building, painstakingly
written down...and compiled into
the books of the Bible.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

586

His gaze fixed on a darkened tunnel.

BUGENHAGEN

The whole city's here. Eighty-five kilometers north to south...most of it passable except for some recent cave-ins.

(glancing up)

They keep digging up there, creating cave-ins down here. By the time they get here, it'll look like it's been buried for centuries.

ANGLE ON THORN

587

assessing him.

BUGENHAGEN

But that's the way of man, isn't it? Assume that everything to be seen is visible on top.

He pauses: fixing into Thorn's eyes.

BUGENHAGEN

The little priest. Is he dead yet?

ANGLE ON THORN

588

taken aback.

THORN

...Yes.

BUGENHAGEN

Then sit down Mr. Thorn. We'd better get to work.

ANGLE ON BUGENHAGEN

A-588

turning to Jennings: Jennings questioning the meaning of his look.

BUGENHAGEN

You'll excuse us. This is for Mr. Thorn alone.

CUT TO:

INT. RUINS

589

A dark, low tunnel -- the atmosphere silent and eerie -- as Jennings moves through, half crouched beneath a low and uneven rock ceiling...illuminated only by the light of a torch he holds overhead.

HIS P.O.V.

A-589

As objects and artifacts move through his torchlight... skeletons half-buried in rock seeming to reach out from the outlines of steppes and edifices that once fronted an ancient street.

CUT TO:

INT. BUGENHAGEN'S ROOM

590

Darkened now, save for small candles.

CLOSE ON THORN AND THE OLD MAN

591

seated across a table from one another...their faces etched with garish shadows as they sit in silence; Thorn's eyes torn with fear and distress as he gazes downward at the table.

THORN'S P.O.V.

592

REVEALING seven stilettos laid out before him: each of their handles an ivory crucifix, the knives themselves laid out in the sign of the cross.

BUGENHAGEN

It must be done on hallowed ground...the grounds of a church...his blood spilled on the altar of God.

CLOSE ON THE OLD MAN

593

gazing intensely at Thorn.

BUGENHAGEN

Each knife must be buried to the hilt...to the feet of the Christ figure...planted in this way... to form the sign of the Cross.

ANGLE ON THORN

594

shaken.

BUGENHAGEN

(demonstrating)

The first knife is most important. It extinguishes physical life and forms the center of the cross. The subsequent placements extinguish spiritual life, and should radiate outward, like this...

ANGLE ON BOTH MEN

595

The old man glancing at Thorn; observing his fearful expression.

BUGENHAGEN

You must be devoid of sympathy.
This is not a human child.

THORN

What if...you're wrong?...what
if he's not...

BUGENHAGEN

Make no mistake.

THORN

Isn't there some proof...?

BUGENHAGEN

He bears a birthmark. A sequence
of sixes. So says the Bible, do
all the Apostles of Satan.

ANGLE ON THORN

596

Upset.

THORN

No. He doesn't have it.

BUGENHAGEN

Psalm Twelve, Verse Six, the Book
of Revelations: 'Let him who
hath understanding reckon the
number of the Beast, for it is
a human number; its number is
six hundred sixty six.'

THORN

He doesn't have it, I tell you.

BUGENHAGEN

He must have it.

THORN

(choking on it)
I've bathed him. I've studied
every inch of him.

BUGENHAGEN

If it's not visible on the body,
you'll find it beneath the hair.
He was probably born with a great
deal of hair.

Cont.

THORN

...Yes. Yes...he was.

BUGENHAGEN

Remove it. I'm sure you'll find
it hidden there.

ANGLE ON THORN

A-596

shaken: near tears.

THORN

...The woman...

BUGENHAGEN

She is an apostate of Hell. She
will die before permitting this.

They fall to silence: Thorn's eyes are torn with grief...
as FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD...Jennings entering from the
darkened corridor...a torch held high...his face etched
with bewilderment.

JENNINGS

Thousands of skeletons...
everywhere.

BUGENHAGEN

Seven thousand.

JENNINGS

What happened?

BUGENHAGEN

Meggido was Armageddon. The end
of the world.

JENNINGS

...You mean...Armageddon's already
been?

BUGENHAGEN

Oh, yes, many times. As it will
be again. But the next a final one.

ANGLE ON THORN

597

HOLDING.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREETS OF JERUSALEM - DAY

598

Downtown section, construction of new buildings in progress: cranes hefting beams and plate glass across the sky, JACKHAMMERS creating a DIN -- CAMERA FINDING Thorn moving through crowds; numbed and unhearing, being bumped and jostled -- Jennings moving fast to keep up behind him.

JENNINGS

(irritated)

Look...all I want to know is what he said. I've got a right to know.

ANGLE ON THORN

599

his teeth clenched tightly as he continues to walk.

JENNINGS

Thorn...I want to know what he said!

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

600

fed up; grabbing Thorn's arm and turning him.

JENNINGS

Look, I'm not just some bystander. I'm the one who found him!

ANGLE ON THORN

A-600

eyes glistening: deeply upset.

THORN

But I'm the one...who's supposed to...

His voice trails off: unable to go further.

JENNINGS

Supposed to what?

THORN

(blurting it out)

Kill him.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

B-600

amazed at Thorn's emotion.

Cont.

JENNINGS

(sobered)

Well what did you think? Why
else did we come here?

ANGLE ON THORN

601

holding up the cloth-wrapped package.

THORN

(with wonder)

These are knives. Weapons.
He wants me to stab him. He
wants me to murder that child!

JENNINGS

It's not a child.

THORN

How can he know that?

JENNINGS

For God's sake, what kind of
proof...

THORN

For all I know, he's just
some... 'fakir' peddling his
knives.

JENNINGS

I think you better cool off...

THORN

...And I'm actually listening
to him. Believing him!

JENNINGS

...Thorn...

THORN

No! I won't do it! I won't
have any part of it! Murder
a child! What kind of a man
do you think I am?

And in an explosion of disgust, he throws the package of
knives: the missile hitting a wall and rebounding into
an alley.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

602

glaring into his eyes.

JENNINGS

Maybe you won't, but I will!

As Jennings turns:

THORN

Jennings.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

603

stopping: turning quickly to Thorn.

THORN

(fighting back
tears)

I disassociate myself from all
of it.

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

A-603

glaring at him; then turning, searching for the package
of knives -- spotting them and moving quickly to the alley...

CAMERA TILTING UP TO REVEAL THE ARM OF A CRANE

604

SEEN swinging overhead through a narrow passageway to the
sky -- a huge pane of glass in its grip -- which is
suddenly let loose, slicing downward through the air...

ANGLE ON JENNINGS

605

bending over to pick up the package as, in SLOW MOTION,
the sheet of glass falls with the finality of a guillotine;
catching Jennings just above the collar, and neatly
severing his head from his body...before SHATTERING into
a million flying pieces.

ANGLE ON THORN

606

stupefied; as pedestrians around him begin to scream,
running forward from all directions.

DOWN SHOT - P.O.V. OF THE STOPPED CRANE

A-606

SHOWING crowds gathering below and Thorn pushing his way
desperately through them in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

A-606-A

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

607

Darkened: and quiet -- CAMERA PANNING TO Thorn: zombie-like, his eyes riveted into distant space -- the package of knives on his lap before him.

CUT TO:

EXT. THORN HOME - GATE - NIGHT

A-607

A police car is stopped by the gate -- a policeman in it. Thorn, driving Kathy's car drives through gate towards house.

OUT 608

INT. THORN HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A-608

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW we see car headlights approaching. We PULL BACK to see Kathy's picture on dressing table in f.g.

OUT 609

ANGLE ON KATHY'S CAR

A-609

Thorn seated inside staring at the dark and silent house. After a long pause -- Thorn reaches over to the package of knives on the seat next to him -- Unwrapping them for a moment -- he stares at them lit only by the moonlight. He rewraps them and exits the car, leaving the knives on the seat.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - SAME

610

Vestibule area -- darkened -- silent; as a barely audible SOUND is HEARD from the front door: the DOOR quietly OPENING as Thorn enters.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THORN

611

his eyes moving upward, up the darkened stairwell.

ANGLE FROM HIS P.O.V.

612

All silent, dark.

DOWN ANGLE ON THORN - FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

613

standing alone in silence.

OUT 614

ANGLE ON THORN

A-614

as he closes the door and he reacts to the o.s. sound of a warning growl.

OUT 615

CLOSE ON THORN

616

His eyes fearfully searching the darkness. Seeing nothing -- Thorn trying to quiet his breath, to collect himself before continuing on.

CUT TO:

INT. THORN HOME - HALL OUTSIDE DAMIEN'S BEDROOM A-616
- NIGHT

The black dog -- alert at a movement in the house.

OUT 617

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRY HALL

A-617

as Thorn backs slowly through the darkness away from the steps.

OUT 618

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HALLWAY

A-618

Dog moving now slowly in the direction of the sound it has heard. Jumping the protective gate in f.g.

OUT 619

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRY HALL

A-619

Thorn definitely establishing in his mind that the dog is coming down the stairs towards him.

OUT 620

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY

A-620

Dog slowly making its way down the steps -- a low growl -- teeth bared.

OUT 621

CUT TO:

HALLWAY AT KITCHEN DOOR

A-621

Thorn ENTERING KITCHEN and as he exits FRAME -- dog appears at foot of steps and sensing Thorn's exit -- rushes towards the kitchen door.

OUT 622

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

A-622

where Thorn has raised the trapdoor to the cellar and is standing before it -- his arms braced on the railings at either side: his face tense, fearful as the DOG is heard padding toward...

ANGLE ON THE DOG

B-622

spotting him and moving directly in front of him: poised for attack just ten feet away.

ANGLE ON THORN

C-622

paralyzed with fear.

THORN
(voice trembling)
Come on, boy...come on...

ANGLE ON THE DOG

D-622

as a gurgle suddenly rises in his throat, and he LUNGES.

ANGLE ON THORN

E-622

in an explosion of strength raising himself on the bars, as the DOG is caught in mid-leap headed into the darkened abyss behind Thorn -- SWISH PANNING to Thorn as his feet come down on the trapdoor, resoundingly SLAMMING IT SHUT: the dog safely beneath the floor.

CLOSE ON THORN

F-622

trembling -- as we hear the Dog's FRANTIC cries to get out.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKED CELLAR PASSAGE

G-622

as we see the dog frantically trying to get out.

CUT TO:

INT. PANTRY - STAIRCASE

623

lit by a bare bulb -- as Thorn moves upward: his eyes determined.

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

624

as the light snaps on: REVEALING Thorn as he gazes at the empty double bed -- slowly crossing to it where he sits heavily -- his eyes falling on a small framed photograph on the night table.

HIS P.O.V. - ON THE PHOTO OF KATHY

625

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSING ROOM

A-625

as Thorn enters and crosses to sink and dressing area.

OUT 626-
627

TILTING DOWN TO A CLOSE ANGLE - ON THORN'S HAND

628

as it opens a drawer, rummaging through, then moving on to another.

ANOTHER CLOSE ANGLE ON A DRAWER

629

as it opens, and Thorn's hands find what they are looking for. It is an electric razor.

ANGLE ON THORN

630

as he lifts it: briefly snapping it on to see if it works -- suddenly freezing as he HEARS a CREAKING SOUND seeming to come from overhead. It stops. Thorn barely breathing as he continues to listen in the silence.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THORN

631

unnerved: perspiration forming on his tensed upper lip: as he subtly steels himself -- and moves out of the bath/dressing room.

INT. CORRIDOR

632

Darkened, Thorn's silhouette is SEEN moving stealthily along the wall -- stopping at a door -- carefully cracking it open.

CLOSE ANGLE ON HIS FACE

113

633

CUT TO:

INT. DAMIEN'S ROOM

A-633

Damien asleep in bed -- lit by firelight.

OUT 634-
635

THORN

636

stepping in to Damien's room and closing the door behind him: standing stiffly against it, gazing across the room towards his son.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THORN'S FACE

637

taut, his skin glazed with perspiration -- as he takes a breath and moves slowly towards Mrs. Baylock's open door.

CUT TO:

THORN'S P.O.V. - OF MRS. BAYLOCK

A-637

lit by firelight sound asleep. Thorn slowly, silently, carefully closes Mrs. Baylock's door.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE SLEEPING CHILD'S FACE

638

CAMERA TILTING UPWARD to Thorn bending over him; raising the shaver and clicking it on...

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE CHILD

639

continuing to sleep, as the razor moves slowly, laying bare his scalp, patches of his beautiful dark hair, falling aside to the pillow.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THORN

640

trembling as he works.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE CHILD'S HEAD

641

as more hair comes off...

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE CHILD'S FACE

642

his eyes beginning to flutter, head turning, an oncoming wakefulness.

ANGLE ON THORN

643

his hand moving faster, mouth grimacing in fear.

ANGLE ON THE CHILD

114

644

awakening and trying to raise his head: Thorn's hand coming down on it and pushing it to the pillow: the boy becoming panicky, beginning to struggle...

ANGLE ON THORN

645

straining to hold him down...

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE RAZOR

646

REVEALING more bare scalp.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE CHILD

647

trying to cry out, Thorn pushing his face into the pillow...

CLOSE ANGLE ON THORN

648

moaning with strain and revulsion...his eyes suddenly growing wide...tears coming to them.

ANGLE ON THE CHILD'S SCALP

649

as a patch of hair falls away...suddenly REVEALING a small, scar-like birthmark: a cluster of "6's," the texture of scabs in a clover-leaf pattern.

SWISH PANNING TO:

THE BEDROOM DOOR as it suddenly bursts open: CAMERA ZOOMING on the face of Mrs. Baylock, her reddened lips stretching wide to emit an unearthly cry of rage.

ANGLE ON THORN

650

terrified; grabbing the child from his bed and trying to run...as the gargantuan woman hurls herself through the air, landing squarely upon him, Thorn crashing beneath her to the ground.

ANOTHER ANGLE

651

as they grapple, her hands digging deep into Thorn's eyes and face...

THORN'S P.O.V. - UPWARD

652

at her grotesque white face: teeth bared as she fights to hold him...TILTING to Thorn's hand grappling upward...finding a lamp...which he raises sharply, crashing it down into her skull: the woman shuddering...reeling to the side...

ANOTHER ANGLE

653

as Thorn regains his feet: managing to slip through her clinging hands, and make it to the door, the child still in his arms.

INT. CELLAR

A-653

The dog, in a panic, racing back and forth from the window to the door trying with no success to jump high enough towards a window.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN STAIRWELL

654

as Thorn half-falls downward, the child shrieking and clawing his face, managing to grab hold to a hanging bare light bulb and clinging to it as Thorn struggles to pull him free: both suddenly jarred by a jolt of electricity that knocks them over -- both tumbling downward.

CUT TO:

UP ANGLE ON THE STAIRS

655

as they tumble downward onto the kitchen floor -- the boy unconscious, Thorn stunned, gazing around and trying to regain his bearings --

CUT TO:

TOP OF STAIRS

A-655

as Mrs. Baylock suddenly appears.

MRS. BAYLOCK

B-655

reeling downward, her head a fountain of blood as she staggers down, managing to grab Thorn as he dizzily reaches for the child -- her hands catching his coat and spinning him, he desperately pulling at drawers that fly out in his grip, their contents spilling upon the floor -- as he, too, falls, the woman again falling upon him: her bloodied hands finding and digging into his throat.

PANNING TO ANGLE on Thorn, his eyes bulging as he fights, trying to wrest the woman's hands away.

PANNING to the floor around them littered with utensils: Thorn's hands stretching desperately outward and grabbing a pair of forks.

UP ANGLE ON MRS. BAYLOCK'S FACE

656

as Thorn's hands suddenly streak INTO FRAME from either side, planting the forks deep into her temples -- the woman wailing and rising -- staggering about the room, able to pull only one out, the other still imbedded in her head between the bone and the skin.

CUT TO:

CELLAR

A-656

dog howling with rage...attacking cellar door.

THORN

657

again grabbing the child, and staggering out the door.

CUT TO:

CELLAR

A-657

dog howling with rage -- makes a desperate lunge at the window above him.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

B-657

Cellar window as dog smashes through -- an almost inhuman sound.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

C-657

Thorn just putting Damien in car.

CUT TO:

DOG STREAKING THROUGH NIGHT

D-657

CUT TO:

THORN

E-657

about to enter his car as he turns, panic on his face as he sees -- hurtling at him.

CUT TO:

THE DOG

F-657

closing ground on Thorn.

CUT TO:

THORN

G-657

as he throws himself in the car.

OUT 658

CUT TO:

THE DOG

659

streaking upward from the darkness, its teeth bared as it leaps from the ground, flying through the air.

CAMERA FOLLOWING its blurred flight as it hits Thorn, just a moment too late; grabbing his shoulder through a narrow opening in the car door; Thorn fighting to close it, banging the dog's muzzle until blood flows and, howling in pain, the dog releases, the door slamming shut.

ANGLE INSIDE THE CAR

660

as Thorn fumbles for the keys, the dog going wild outside, leaping upon the hood and flinging himself against the windshield with tremendous force, the glass shuddering with each impact.

ANGLE ON THORN'S HANDS

661

fumbling with the keys: the keys falling from the ignition. Thorn's hands groping desperately for them on the floor -- revealing a finely made leather tool kit -- part of the car's interior.

ANGLE ON THE CHILD

662

unconscious: beginning to moan.

ANGLE ON THE DOG'S FACE

663

wild hurling himself at the now -- CRACKING WINDSHIELD.

ANGLE ON THORN'S HANDS

664

finding the keys and lifting them upward -- TILTING to his face as he glances up: crying out in fear -- as we:

SWISH PAN TO:

THE DRIVER'S SIDE OF THE WINDSHIELD

A-664

SMASHED by a garden tool held by Mrs. Baylock, near death.

ANGLE ON THORN

B-664

showered and cut by flying glass.

ANGLE ON THORN'S HANDS

665

turning the ignition, the car starting.

ANGLE ON MRS. BAYLOCK

A-665

falling back as her strength fails and the dog's head appears in the broken windshield and trying to force his head through.

ANGLE ON THORN

666

his face bloodied, straining backward as the dog's teeth snap close to him: the animal forcing its body further inward as Thorn reaches to the floor of the car and finds a blanket robe -- with one hand he forces the robe into the dog's mouth.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THORN'S HAND

667

fumbling with a leather-bound tool kit.

ANGLE ON THE DOG'S HEAD

668

as Thorn's hand enters the FRAME and smashes the screwdriver directly between his eyes. Thorn's hand straining to push it right down to the hilt: the animal's mouth flying open, the blanket falling free as it emits a roar of pain, more like a leopard than a dog.

ANGLE OUTSIDE THE CAR

669

as the writhing animal slips off the hood -- trying with its paws to pull at the screwdriver, screaming so loud that the very ground seems to shake -- as the car finally begins to pull forward.

ANGLE INSIDE THE CAR - CLOSE ON THORN'S FACE

670

as, beside him, we SEE Mrs. Baylock staggering alongside the car, banging futilely on the window, pleading as she runs alongside.

MRS. BAYLOCK

(sobbing)

My baby...my baby.

EXT. THE CAR

671

as it speeds around the parking area statuary.

ANGLE INSIDE THE CAR - CLOSE ON THORN'S FACE

672

as he negotiates the sharp turn.

EXT. CAR

673

as Mrs. Baylock cuts across the drive -- a mass of blood and torn clothing: caught in the headlights, holding up her arm as the car speeds toward her.

ANGLE ON THORN

674

gritting his teeth.

ANGLE ON THE WOMAN

675

as the car squarely makes contact: her body thrown onto the hood, her face almost entering the hole in the windshield.

INT. CUT THORN

A-675

and the now dead Mrs. Baylock's face directly in front of him.

EXT. CAR

B-675

as Thorn accelerates and we see Mrs. Baylock's body driven up, over the top of the car to fall in the road behind Thorn's departing car.

CAMERA PANNING BACK TOWARD THE HOUSE

676

to REVEAL the two bodies: the woman, a mountain of flesh, grotesquely twisted in the driveway; the dog on the lawn, silently convulsing, illuminated only by the moon.

CUT TO:

EXT. THORN HOUSE - GATE

A-676

as Thorn's car, windshield broken, comes screaming out of the gate and down the road PANNING TO REVEAL the Bobby in his car REACTING and grabbing his radio phone.

BOBBY

(proper dialogue to be added)

And then giving chase.

CUT TO:

INT. THORN'S CAR - SAME

677

Thorn moaning with each breath: his foot pushed to the floor as the car speeds through the night -- the child beside him, beginning to move and moan.

EXT./INT. THE CAR - THORN AND DAMIEN

678

a blur as it speeds through the country; its TIRES SQUEALING around turns (four montage cuts).

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

A-678

Police car with two uniformed bobbies in front and one detective in back -- as they react and acknowledge (with proper dialogue) the fact that they are taking up the pursuit.

INT. THORN'S CAR - CLOSE ON THORN'S FACE

679

as he fearfully glances beside him -- PANNING to the child, as his eyes slowly begin to open.

EXT. CHURCH - SAME

680

A large Catholic church, its doors closed...the stained glass above the doors casting multicolored light -- as Thorn's car speeds to the front of it, SCREECHING to a stop.

INT. THE CAR

681

as Thorn reaches for the child: the boy's eyes suddenly focusing: his face registering a rush of fear.

THORN

(grabbing him)

Don't look at me.

Cont.

But the child's eyes widen: Thorn's locked into them -- both paralyzed with fear.

THORN
(beginning to cry)
Please -- please -- don't look
at me --

And outside, a sudden WIND begins HOWLING around the car; debris and dust flying everywhere --

EXT. ROUNDABOUT - OR INTERSECTION - NIGHT A-681

as the second police car with the three officers, lights and sirens working -- as it falls in behind the original police car (from Thorn's home).

INT. THORN'S CAR - ANGLE ON THE CHILD 682

beginning to moan with fear.

ANGLE ON THORN A-682

grabbing the bag of knives and putting it in his coat,

ANGLE ON THORN 683

suddenly pushing open the door, pulling the child across the seat: the boy beginning to kick and scream, propelling Thorn backwards out the door; both sprawling onto the street.

ANOTHER ANGLE 684

as the child attempts to run: Thorn desperately catching him by his pajama top and bringing him down hard to the pavement, as over head a jarring EXPLOSION of THUNDER rips through the sky, jagged edges of lightning knifing downward.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE CHILD 685

his face bloodied, crying, as he rolls over and over, attempting to escape Thorn's grip...

ANGLE INTO THE SKY 686

as another bolt of lightning rips downward, its THUNDERCLAP sending a torrent of rain...

DOWN ANGLE ON THORN 687

still struggling with the child: grabbing him up, then losing him...managing to catch him again...

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THORN

688

His face a mask of terror as he clutches the fighting child close to his chest, heading toward the church stairs -- a strong wind suddenly meeting him head on and impeding his progress -- as far in the distance we HEAR SIRENS...coming gradually closer.

ANGLE ON THORN'S FACE

689

open-mouthed as he pushes forward with superhuman effort, the child struggling but straitjacketed in his grip...

SWISH PAN TO:

EXT. THE STREET

690

as we HEAR the SIRENS growing louder...flashing lights VISIBLE at a distance...quickly coming closer.

ANGLE ON THE CHURCH

691

as, through the downpouring rain, Thorn's figure can be SEEN moving closer; the SIREN becoming louder.

ANGLE ON THE CHILD

692

hysterical, kicking and screaming, slipping from Thorn's grip -- Thorn falling to his knees as he struggles to hold onto him: the SIRENS REACHING THEIR APEX and stopping.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE CHILD

693

fighting hard: biting, clawing Thorn's face to shreds... Thorn blindly hanging on: desperately reaching into his coat and pulling at the cloth sack within.

ANGLE ON THE TWO POLICE CARS

A-693

screeching to a stop, one POLICEMAN yelling.

POLICEMAN

(shouting)

Hold up there -- What's going on??

ANGLE ON THE CHILD'S EYES

694

going wide, his mouth stretching open into a terrified scream.

ANGLE ON A STILETTO

695

moving upward in Thorn's grip.

ANGLE ON FOUR POLICEMEN

696

The DETECTIVE reaching inside his coat and removing a canvas holstered gun and screaming:

DETECTIVE

Hold it. Don't move.

ANGLE ON THORN'S FACE

697

maniacally contorted as he raises his hand high, pushing the child to his back on the ground.

POLICEMAN

Stop it! I'll shoot!

ANGLE ON THE KNIFE

698

poised for a moment in the air: Thorn's mouth stretching open into an agonized scream...as the knife suddenly streaks downward: a SHOT RINGING OUT in the night.

Suddenly everything stops.

LONG ANGLE ON THE CHURCH

699

like a tableau through the haze of downpouring rain; Thorn sitting stiffly on the church stairs: the child stretched out on his lap: both immobile; illuminated by a shaft of light pouring from the windows of the church. The police cars in f.g. as the four Officers move forward.

EVERYTHING HOLDS.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - UNITED STATES - DAY (STOCK)

700

as a long funeral procession, perhaps a hundred limousines, with headlights on, moves slowly away from JFK Airport -- and onto the highway...

EXT. CEMETERY - LIMOUSINES VISIBLE IN B.G. - LONG ANGLE - DAY 701

on the burial in progress: a hundred or so mourners gathered around the site: a Priest's voice is HEARD, distant, delivering a graveside eulogy.

ANGLE ON A GROUP OF PHOTOGRAPHERS

702

held back at the gates: some taking pictures with long-distance lenses, others waiting for a better chance.

CLOSER ANGLE ON THE FUNERAL

703

showing the Priest's face through the heads of mourners as he solemnly speaks.

PRIEST

...The son of a great man...born into wealth and security...every earthly benefit a human being could possibly have. But in this example, we see that earthly benefits are not enough...

HIGH ANGLE ON THE FUNERAL

704

PANNING to the reporters, milling about the cars.

CLOSER ON TWO REPORTERS

705

exchanging a nod, sitting on the hood of a limousine.

PHOTOGRAPHER 1

...Weird one, huh?

PHOTOGRAPHER 2

What's so weird? Not the first
time people have been attacked
in the streets.

REPORTER 1

(dubious)

No suspects...no witnesses...sounds
like somethin's been hushed up, to me.

ANGLE ON REPORTER 2

706

A philosophical shrug.

REPORTER 2

Nothin' weird about that, either.
That's the way it goes these days.

CLOSE ON THE FUNERAL

707

CAMERA SLOWLY MOVING IN through the crowds to REVEAL a man
and woman: extremely dignified -- the woman's face covered
with a black veil, a child held firmly in her arms.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO TIGHTEN

708

until we can MAKE OUT the face of the child. It is Thorn's
child: Damien. Looking beautiful and restored, wearing a
heavy bandage on his arm -- his face calm and placid as he
gazes down at the grave.

CLOSE ON TWO CASKETS

709

being lowered, side by side.

CLOSE ON THE CHILD

710

watching.

ANGLE ON THE PRIEST

711

finishing his sermon: hands raised high.

PRIEST

...And to the child, Damien Thorn...
the only survivor of this terrible
misfortune...may God bestow His
blessing and graces...may Christ
bestow His eternal love.

Cont.

Overhead there is a FAINT RUMBLE OF THUNDER -- the crowd slowly beginning to disperse.

ANGLE ON JUST ONE COUPLE

712

lingering by the grave: the dignified man and his wife, standing stoically -- the child held in her arms.

ANOTHER ANGLE

713

as two conservatively dressed MEN approach them, standing protectively, on either side.

MAN NO.1

Mr. President? Your car is this way.

In response, a hand is raised, indicating he wants more time.

LONG, HIGH ANGLE ON THE GROUP

714

left alone at the grave: Damien in the custody of his new parents -- flanked by Secret Service men on either side.

Again, there comes a RUMBLE of THUNDER.

FADE OUT

THE END